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[PRICE ONE PENNY.



[JACOPO, THE JEW.]

# THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Village Diogenes," "The Tambourine Girl," &c., &c.

# CHAPTER VII

WITHIN a cheerless room of a desolate dwelling, which contrasted strikingly with the stately splendour of the Comte di Montaldi's palace-home, stood the old Jow, Jacapo. Outside, the gray walls were crumbling to decay, and here and there moss might be seen clinging to the stone, while the Italian ivy, with its fadeless green, crept up, up, up, over the latticed windows and across; the mouldering roof, till it twined above the quaint old chimney, half concealing it from view. Within, there were dark halls, dim. echoing corridors, antiquated staircases, and odd nocks and corners, all bespeaking neglect and ruin. In the apartment where Jacapo was standing, a dormer window had been sunk deep into the roof, and here, as from some old Norman tower, a gazer in that dismal room might command an extensive view of the streets, hunted by the gay, the rich, the fashionable.

The old Jow, stationed there, was in himself a study; his face had the Hebrew outline, features, and complexion; his dark, inscrutable eyes were a myscomplexion; his dark, inscrutable eyes were a mys-tery to the observer, and his lips were capable of as-suming any expression that best suited his purpose; masses of white hair swept back over his shoulders, and a long silvery beard floated on his breast; but his figure was still erect, and his step, as he moved to the window, had the elasticity of youth. As he glanced out into the street, which wound to his dwell-ing, an exulting smile curled his lips, and he mut-tered:

"Aha! he comes early, but in disguise, lest it might be reported to the Comte di Montaldi that his daughter's would-be husband visits the old Jew,

A few moments more, and a figure crossed the ne-glected courtyard in the rear of that desolate resi-dence; the fountain which once welled, bright and

clear, from a sculptured basin, was now choked up with fragments of mossy stones, discoloured leaves, and aloes; the evergreen shrubs grew in rank luxuriance, the pavement was sadly mutilated, and a dead almond tree added to the desolation of the scene. Ere the visitant could have time to rap, the door was cautiously opened, and the Jew appeared on the threshold. Hasty greetings were exchanged, and then the old man exclaimed:

"Follow me!" and led the way to his comfortless little room, as a tiger might entice some runaway prey to his den.

When the guest had entered the chamber to which we have referred, he glanced round with ill-concelled disgust at the antique chairs, with their wormeaten cushions, the dilapidated table, the dusty, oaken chest, and the rusty brasers, in which, though it was now the heart of December, there was not a vestige of fire.

vestige of fire.

Jacapo's keen eye read the language of his visitant's face, and a sinister smile curled his bearded

tant's face, and a sinister smile curled his bearded lip as he muttered:
"Young man, you miss the luxuries of a ducal palace, the splendours of your home in Naples—methinks it would go hard with you to be the tenant of rooms like mine. You see where you stand, the precipitous height, where your footsteps tremble, the vivid change which might be effected by the utterance of a few words!"
Vittorio Castinelli, for it was he to whom this language had been addressed, shuddered, and clutched wildly at the old man's garments, while his face grew deadly pale.

wildly at the old man's garments, while his face grew deadly pale.

"Jacapo, Jacapo!" he gasped, "I would give worlds to be out of your power!"

The old man gazed at him, his eyes flashing beneath his shaggy brow, and his clear, deep voice vibrated through the room, like the lower notes of an organ, as he rejoined:

"Castinelli, the secret is mine!"

"But why must it be divulged now, when it has been kept all these years?"

"Jacapo, the Jew, has his own reasons for his con-duct," wa, the gruff reply, and for an instant that

dark face seemed to grow as stolid and immovable as the Egyptian Sphinx.

"By my faith, you are as inexorable as Fato," said the cavalier, beginning to pace to and fro in his wild anxiety. "I have not yet forgotten the threatening letter which drove me to Paris, and the large sums I there paid you, and now—now you are here in Naples, and I again find your snares closing about me. What is to be done?"

The old man laid his hand heavily on the young

The old man laid his hand heavily on the young noble's shoulder, and whispered a brief sentence in his ear.

his ear.

The listener started, and said, hoarsely:

"How merciless you are! You would fain have
me pay you all the Spanish ingots, taken from a Caetilian noble by my father's retainers in some victorious attack across the frontier. I can never, never
accede to your demand."

"Then take the consequences," replied the old man,
with bitter emphasis. "Know young man, that
Jacopo, the Jew, is not easily folled—your secret
shall be blazoned through Naples!"

Vittorio Castinelli began to tremble; his cheek
burned, his eyes glittered strangely, and his voice
was hollow and unnatural, as he faltered:

"There is no escape—I must meet your demand!
Notwithstanding your cheerless home, I know you

Notwithstanding your cheerless home, I know you must have wealth."

ust have wealth."
"No, no-I am poor!" rejoined Jacapo.
"How can that be?"
"Ah!" observed the Jew, "I have had heavy
sees. I am the most unfortunate man in Naples."
There was a brief silence, and the old Jew resumed .

"And when shall this sum be paid?"

"To-night, when the clock of youder church-tower strikes eleven, I will meet you by the dead almond tree in the courtyard."

Jacopo bowed gravely, and a smile of satisfaction flickered over his dark, saturnine features. Drawing back the heavy bolt with which he had fastened the door of his little room, he guided his guest down the creaking stairs, and stood on the threshold watching bim till be disappeared.

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The old man then hastened back to the gloomy chamber, and pausing by the dormer window, again gazed at the disguised figure till it was lost to sight. At length, however, he quitted the room, where he at length, nowever, ne quitted the room, where he had held that eventful meeting with the young noble, and took his way to another wing of his dilapidated old dwelling. As his footfall sounded in a dim corridor, a door was flung open, and a voice exclaimed:

Father!"

The next moment the old Jew stood in a spacious chamber, whose luxurious furniture formed a vivid contrast to the humble room I have before described. contrast to the humble room I have before described. The walls were hung with the tapestry so much in vogue centuries previous, and the windows, which on the exterior of the dwelling were almost concealed by the luxuriant ivy, were within draped with heavy brocade curtains; the chairs and the single sofa were cushioned with the same material. A table of pure Carrara marble stood in the centre of the room; and a tall mirror reflected the lady passing before it when leaves a retard. Jacapo entered.

She was a woman of stately presence, with a tall, Junonian figure, and a face as inscrutable as that of her father's; her large, dark, "Syrian eyes," were capable of numberless changes; her heavy hair had the blackness of the raven's wing, and was gathered into a rich cell at the back of her head, and fastened by golden arrows set with blood-red rubies. She were a robe of wine-coloured silk, the rare lace col-lar was confined by a ruby brooch with long, glitternar was commed by a ruby brooch with long, glittering pendants; her round arms were each clasped by
a massive gold bracelet, and her ear-drops glowed
richly in the light of the lamp, which was always
kept burning in the otherwise darkened room.

"You have had a guest," she said, as her father
sank down on the sofs.

sank down on the sofs.

"Yes, Esther, my plans work well! To-night the coveted ingets are to be in my possession."

A scornful laugh broke from the lips of the Jewess, and was echoed by her father.

"How gold has rolled into your coffers since you gained possession of that secret!" exclaimed the lady. "Ah, he does not know that his father has

lady. "Ah, he does not know that his father has likewise boun forced to bribe you to silence."

Leaving them to their discussion of what seemed a welcome topic, we will follow Contacill in his hurried walk from the old Jew's home.

He had proceeded a considerable distance, when he saw two of his friends approaching, and crossed the street, sawing that he might be recognised, even in the disguise he had assumed. At longth he paused by his own stately passance and glancing caperly around, to see if he were unobserved, stele through a postorn-gate in the rear, and sook his way into a dim passage. There he divested himself of his disdim passage. There he divested himself of his dis-guise, concealed it with the utmost care, and emerging from the gate, ascended the steps, and was soon

Hastening through the lofty hall, he went bounding up the marble staircase, and entered his own room. To and fro, to and fro he paced, reflecting bitterly on his interview with the old Jew, and the exorbitant terms with which he had been forced

once more to bribe him to silence.
"The old villain!" he muttered, "how—how did
he gain possession of that secret? I know his dehe gain possession or that secret? I know his de-mands are merciless, but what course could I take, save to yield compliance? The Comte di Montaldi is proud, but his wealth exceeds his pride, and then that peerless Ginevra. I must and will make any sacrifice to secure the prize!"

With these words the young man sank down and

With these words the young man sank down, and sat for, perhaps, an hour in deep and troubled thought, and then rose, wrapped his rich surcost about him, and hat in hand, went down into the vesthought.

tibule.

At the threshold stood three of his friends, waiting for the porter to call his master. Two of them had belonged to the party he had joined in an elegant caffe, on the night when Visconti had watched and followed him, and though they had been his favorites heretofore, he now wished them at the anti-

"Here he is," cried one.
"Found at last!" said another.

And then as Castinelli recollected his duty as host, he was forced to say with as much courtesy as he could summon:

Buon giorno! Pray, will you not come in? "No, no," was the reply, "we wish you to lunch with us at the new caffe, and while we do justice to those savory viands, and drink a glass of wine, we will discuss a certain matter."

The young man hesitated a few moments, and then assented, and the four nobles went forth into the

street.

"See!" exclaimed Domenici "Castinelli still looks like a love-lorn knight; his face is quite colourless, and there is an unnatural glitter in his eyes."

At these words, the young man's cheek reddened

at the memory of his conference with Jacapo, and the old Jew's secret; yet he resolved that they should not suspect any new cause of anxiety, and therefore rejoined :

When you all are as profoundly in love as I am, you may cease to rally me as you do now. Since the disastrous day when the beautiful Comtessa Gi-nevra set out on a horseback excursion, with that Venetian admirer, and was flung from that infuriated Romeo, and taken up senseless, I have had many an unquiet hour.'

"But she is recovering, I hear."
"Slowly," rejoined the young man, with grave

The four companions walked on, and in a half-The four companions walked on, and in a half-hour entered the lofty caffe, with its exquisitely frescoed walls, its superb chandellers, its groups of statuary, and its marble tables, glittering with silver and porcelain. When the party had seated themselves at the table, Domenici exclaimed:

"And now, Castinelli, I will broach the topic, to which I wish you to give due attention. To-night there is to be the most brilliant fests of the season, and you have doubtless received cards, and as you have seen proponed the best dancer in Naples, you

have been pronounced the best dancer in Naples, you ought to be there."

The young man thought of his appointment with the old Jew, and his hitherto pale cheek flushed crim-

"I must write a regret," he replied, for though he saleyed such scenes, policy would have bidden him about himself, when the comtessa was still an in-

His associates endeavoured to shake his purpose, us in vain, and he soon afterwards arose, and took is leave. When he left the caff he moved brinkly neard till he reached the bank of the "Two Siunward till he reached the bank of the "Two Sisiliea," where the treasured ingote had been depositied for safe keeping. With a strong effort to
coneeal his emotion, he took possession of the coins,
and stalked back to his palace-home. Every hour,
as it dragged by, seemed lengthened into a year's
duration, and most of the time after his return from
the bank was spent in his own damber. From the
whichow by which he sat he could see far off the
gleam of white sails in the bay, or watch the moving
throng in the street below. The sunset burned and
faded in the weater, horizon and expectific stells us. throng in the street below. The sunset surned and faded in the western horizon, and eventide stelle on, and then night came tripping with dusky feet own mountain, convent-crowned hills, and the valley, which had been so green and fair in the summer; she passed along the "crescent beach," with its surf-beater sands, and her shadows hovered over the batch dust and better the contraction of th thatched cottage of the poor, the turrets and battle-ments that marked the palaces of the rich, and the fretted roofs of stately old faces.

fretted roofs of stately old fasses.

As hours wore on, the young man was busied in completing his arrangements for his mission, and at length resuming his disguise, wrapping a voluminous cloak about him, and donning a slouched hat, he once more took his way towards the Jew's dwelling.

There was no moon, but the stars glowed like angels' eyes watching his progress, and the wind of a southern winter fanned his flushed cheek. The clock in the church towar to which he had alluded.

clock in the church tower, to which he had alluded, was striking eleven, as he paused by the dead al-mond tree in that neglected courtyard, and found old Jew awaiting him at the rendezvous. You have come," muttered Jacapo; and again

Castinelli followed the Jew into his cheerless little

There the young man seated himself, and watched Jacapo, as he counted the ingots and then pl money carefully in the huge caken chest, which oc-cupied one corner of the apartment.

"And now," said the young man nervously, "I think I ought to rely on your silence."

"Your secret is safe," rejoined the Jow, and offered

his hand to Castinelli, as he rose to take his leave.

A moment more, and he heard the dilapidated halldoor close after him, and then fled from the spot like a hunted door.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WE left the young Comtessa Ginevra sheltered by the lowly roof of Rafaele Rossetti, and surrounded by careful watchers. When morning dawned, and Dr. Cassana came to pay a second visit to his fair patient, he found her cheek woaring a feverish flush, and her pulse quick, and declared that she ought not be romoved to Naples for three or four days at least. He had, however, brought with him her own waiting woman, who had dwelt in the family since the contessa's childhood, one on whose care he could comtessa's childhood, one on whos fully rely.

The young artist, who had spent a wakeful night, stood on the threshold of the room to which he had borne his pupil the day previous, listening to all the physician's remarks; and notwithstanding his anxiety, he could not represe a thrill of pleasure of the head. could not repress a thrill of pleasure at the thought that Ginevra Montaldi was to be in his home, ever though it might be for so brief a tim

When Dr. Cassana had retired, he advanced to

her, and said:

Lady, I fear you will sadly miss the luxuries to which you are so accustomed, in my humble dwelling, but everything which can contribute to your comfort

is at your disposal."
"Signor," replied the girl, with sweet emphasis, you mistake when you fancy I sigh for the luxuries f a palace, I have had the warmest sympathy and of a palace, I have had the warmest sympathy and tenderest care, and I should be too exacting could I ask more. Be assured, were it not for my troublesome wrist, and the fever occasioned by my fright and the mishap of yesterday, I should be quite con-

"That is cheering," said Rossetti, and a smile played about his well-cut lips.

A brief silence ensued, and then the girl continued:
"But, signor, I fear I shall tax your hospitality too

"But, signor, I fear I shall tax your hospitality too much!"
"Do not think of that for a moment; none of us have forgotten your andness to our dear little Constance during her illners, and I am certain, all that we have done, or may be permitted to do in your behalf, could not repay you be that child's delight in the book and work-box which you sent her, or the joy and the real bundt which arose from those pony-rides she also owed to your generosity."

"You overrate my kindness," rejoined the lady, "and besides, the soes of which you speak carried their own reward with them."

There was a brief pause, and then Rossetti said:
"I see aurors utanding, with reproving oyes and uplifted hands, on the threshold—she thinks I am permitting you to talk tee much. I will only add that I am going to Naples immediately, and should your father have returned, I will bring him back!"
And with these words he left the room, Aurora glided away, and Thereas, the comtessa's waiting-woman, stationed herself by her mistress.

When Rafaelle Rossetti reached Naples, he took his way at once to the paless-home of the Comte di Montaldi, and learned that a servant had been dispatched to Sorrente with tidings of his daughter's mistare, and after two hours, Matteo returned, but alone.

"Where is your muster?" asked Rossetti.

"Where is your master?" asked Rossetti.

"Mistortanes awar come singly," rejoined the servant; "while the counts was crossing an old bridge, where he ought not to have trusted himself, the whole descript bean to tremble, and parted, throwing him into the water below. He escaped drowning, and managed to reach the shere without help, and then he went to the palazzo of a friend where he spent the night, but to-day is scarcely able to stir." to stir.

"That will be sad tidings for his daughter, and I

fear will increase her feverish symptoms. Did the comte send any message?"

"I brought two letters," rejoined the serving-man, "one for the stoward, and the other for his daughter; there is also a note for won Signer Rosesti!" there is also a note for you, Signor Rossetti! "
As he spoke, Mattee drew forth the three missives,

and placed the comtessa's and the young artist's note in Rossetti's hand.

Hastily unfolding it, he read as follows "SIGNOR ROSSETTI,—My Dear Sir,—I have heard th profound regret of the serious consequences which resulted from my daughter's horseback excursion yesterday, and believe me, I am not only grateful to you for the interest in your pupil, which as I learn, led you to warn her not to ride Romeo, but for the beauty and the learn to ride Romeo. but for the bravery and courage with which you rescued her in that hour of extreme peril. Again she owes her life, and I my only child's rescue from a horrid death, to you! Words are too weak to express my gratitude, but a father's heart fervently blesses you!

"I have heard also that my daughter has found a

"I have heard also that my daughter has found a refuge beneath your roof, and if it will not be tres-passing too much on your kindness, it is my wish that she should remain there till my return to Naples, I know I can trust you, dear Rossetti, you are a man of honour, as well as a hero! At some future day l hope to make some more substantial acknowledg-ment of my gratitude. Till we meet, I must sub-scribe myself, your sincere friend, Raolfo di Mon-taldi."

A brief conversation ensued, and then Rossetti A brief conversation ensued, and their hurried back to his home, now doubly dear to him, heloved presence. As he entered, because of one beloved presence. As he extered, Aurora pointed out two notes left by Castinelli and the young Venetian during his absence, but which

ahe declared Theresa would not give her mistress.

"How is the comtessa?" inquired Rossetti.

"She seems anxious about her father," replied Aurora, "and has inquired for him several times."

"Aurora," said the young man, "he too has had a mishap so serious as to detain him at Sorrento, and from tidings beaught by Matten conf. the

and from tidings brought by Matteo, one of the

servants. I infer that he will not be able to return to Naples for a week, or more. He has written me another note, and as you read the other you shall

And he placed the missive in her hand.

And he placed the missive in her hand.
As Aurora perused the note, her cheek flushed, and when she had concluded, she said, earnestly:
"I am proud of my brother; you indeed are a hero in more senses than one! I know something of the conflicts through which you have passed, your deep sense of honour, and what it has cost to keep your love unspoken."
The young man's face grew grave, and he murround.

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"It will be a life-long warfare, sister mine; but
though I can never claim her as mine, it is sweet to
have her here in my own home, notwithstanding the
attention of her Venetian lover may cause me many
a pang. I have reason to believe that Castinelli's
persistent homage is distasteful to her."

"Is she really in love with the handsome young
man, who rode at her bridle-rein when she passed
here?" asked the girl, with a look which betrayed
her keen anxlety.

her keen anxiety.
"I cannot tell, but I have had my fears; that I A long and painful pause ensued, and then Rossetti

said:

said:
"Call Theresa, if you please."
"Theresa," said the young man, "does the comtessa still make frequent enquiries for her father?"
"Yes, signor; do you think anything has happened to him?"

pened to him?"
Rossetti proceeded to relate the circumstances connected with Montaldi's accident, and the woman held up her hands in dismay, and exclaimed:
"How unfortunate! What is to done?"

"I have reflected much on the subject, since I received the information, and it seems to me it could harm her no more to tell her all, than the anxiety she now feels with regard to it."
"Then, Signor Rossetti," replied Theresa, "you must take it upon yourself; I would not tell her for

the world!

The next moment the young artist re-entered the invalid's apartment, with Aurora at his side. The comtessa's eyes fixed on him with an eager look of finquiry, and without waiting for her to speak, Rossetti said:

Rosetti said:

"Lady Ginevra, I read the language of your gaze
—your father has not yet returned!"

"Not returned!" she echoed, in gentle tremulous
tone—"what can have detained him? Tell me the
truth, I implore you!"

"Remember Dr. Cassana cantioned you as to
quiet; be as calm as possible, lady—your father has
also met with an accident, and though he may not
be able to join you for a week, has sent you a letter
by Matteo, and me a note."

As he spoke, he drew forth the note entrusted to
him by the servant, and placed it on the low table
beside her.

The brother and sister watched her with intense

beside her.

The brother and sister watched her with intense interest, as she read, and when she finished the perusal, she looked up, and said:

"My poor, poor father! For years no such misfortune has befallen him, and he finds it very hard to be kept aloof from me now; but I am relieved, signor; it was better for me to know the whole truth, than lie here, and conjure up such horrid fancies."

"Thus I reasoned," rejoined Rossetti; "and now I must beg my pupil to endeavour to obey her physician's injunctions," and he moved away.

Time wore on, and Ginevra di Montaldi, the highborn and high-bred daughter of a noble house, the

born and high-bred daughter of a noble house, the sole heiress of vast wealth, was still an inmate of the artist's humble home. Could he have glanced into her heart he might have witnessed struggles into her heart he might have witnessed struggles scarcely less severe than his own; at first they had only been occasioned by dissatisfaction as to her father's choice of one who was to share her future destiny, and go hand in hand with her through life. Several times subsequent to the interview we have described in a preceding chapter she had endeavoured to shake the conte's purpose, and after the

voured to shake the conte's purpose, and after the gay young Venetian had appeared at Naples, and been so enthralled by her beauty, grace and accomplishment, he had assured her that he sincerely hoped that he might succeed in inspiring something like love in her hitherto guarded heart. He had also added that on his daughter's birthday festa, in June, he should expect to announce her betrothal, and after a year's engagement the wedding must take place; but the fears this assertion had aroused had not occasioned half so severe a conflict as an unwelcome besioned half so severe a conflict as an unwelcome be

before that had gradually crept over her young heart.

For months it had been sweet to fancy that Rafaele Rossetti had learned to love his pupil, even though he had jealously guarded the secret. After her return from that Arcadian excursion to Ischia she had gone to her home with a bright flush upon

her cheek, and a sweet smile playing about her ripe lips. Had she not read more than a friend's interest lips. Had she not read more than a friend's interest in the dark, dreamy, poetic eyes of the artist? Every look, tone and act were recalled, and treasured as a miser hoards his gold. The wreath with which he had crowned her when she took upon herself the state of a gipsy queen was placed carefully in a cabinet which had belonged to her mother, and when the young girl's head sank upon her pillow she lived over in blissful dreams the events of the day and evening.

evening,
A week later clouds of mistrust began to dim the brightness of Ginevra Montaldi's sky, and a strange

unrest tortured her.

One morning as she was making her toilette, and a new waiting-maid was dressing her long dark hair,

she asked:
"My lady, have you heard the news about Signor

"No," rejoined Ginevra. "What can it be?

Medra?"

"Do you know he has been painting Agnese Fontana's portrait?"

The comtessa nodded assent, and Medra went on:

"They tell me the artist has fallen in love with the pretty Agnese, and that they are already engaged, her brother told a friend of his that the turible ering has a size of the contact o

the pretty Agnese, and that they are already engaged, her brother told a friend of his that the turquoise ring his sister wears was Signor Hossetti's gift—given, and accepted as a pledge of their troth-plight."

For a moment Ginevra Montaldi's brain whirled, and everything in her stately dressing-room grew dim and indistinct, but then a woman's pride came to her relief, and she summoned strength to say:

"Agnese is very beautiful; it is no wonder an artist should fall in love with her."

"My lady," exclaimed Medra, "do not mention it to him as yet—the engagement is to be kept a secret till spring; only a few friends of the Fontana family know it, and as I have a cousin, who is a servant in their household, she channed to overhear Agnese's brother telling the fact to a kinsman."

With a strong effort the comtess preserved her self-control till the waiting-woman was dismissed, and then locked the door, and abandoned herself to bitter thought. What was it to her in this hour of trial that patrician blood flowed through her veins, that she had been termed the star of Naples? What were all her triumphs as a beauty, and a belle? What was the homage of Viscomi, Castinelli, and the handsome and fascinating Vonetian? She would have bartered rank, wealth, and the adulation which followed her, for the position of Agnese Fontana—Rafaele Rossetti's betrothed bride. How sweet it would be to hold the first place in such a heart as the young artist's—to walk through life's sunishine and shadow guarded by his tender care, and when old age should come, with its autumn and winter frosts, to find that her own heart still kept its bloom, its youth.

"Al!" she murmured, "it was my love for Rafaele

guarded by instender care, and when out age should come, with its autumn and winter frosts, to find that her own heart still kept its bloom, its youth.

"Ah!" she murmured, "it was my love for Rafaele Rossetti that has rendered me so deaf and blind to other homage! How inexpressibly dear he has been to me—how often my note-book has borne the record of this affection! Let me look at it now."

And hastening to the same cabinet where she had concealed the wreath brought from Isohia, she drew forth an elegantly-bound journal, and, seating herself, began to read its contents. Here and there among its pages there might be seen a cluster of leaves, or a knot of flowers, which Rossetti had brought for his pupil to copy in some of her earliest lessons, all of which had been carefully preserved by the young girl. In that note-book she saw how often her thoughts had wandered to him during her summer cruise over the Mediterranean, the emotions aroused thoughts had wandered to him during her summer cruise over the Mediterranean, the emotions aroused by his gallant rescue from a terrible death on the night of her return, the joy which had thrilled her when he resumed his instruction, and that golden day at Ischia, which his companionship had rendered

so delightful.

"I have had a pleasant dream," she said, gravely;

"it is over, and the waking is bitter. It is hard to
look destiny in the face, and yet I must try to nerve
myself to the task. These records of an unrequited
love must be destroyed," and she moved towards the
brazozo with nervous energy, tore leaf after leaf from
the journal, and stood watching the work of destruction till that were consumed in the flames. Then tion till they were consumed in the flames. Then obeying a new and more tender impulse, she said, with sad earnestness:

"Not yet, not yet can I give up what remains of this note-book; when he is married these other re-cords shall also be destroyed, and in the meantime, I must learn to subdue my love!"

must searn to subdue my love!"

Three weeks were away, and prompted by this belief Ginevra di Montaldi had endeavoured to conquer her love for the young artist. She had met him at her lessons in the old studio, but she dared not yield herself to the charm of his society, and felt a seuse of relief when her father or the young Venetian noble came sauntering into the room. For a time

she sincerely hoped that he might awaken a new love, which would render it less hard for her to give love, which would render it less hard for her to give up Rossetti, and she had therefore been much in his society. Agnese Fontana had not been far from the truth when she had told Rossetti that at places of public resort, at festa, and at church, the Venetian cavalier had been her constant attendant.

Such was the state of affairs when, on that eventful December morning, Rossetti had entered the pales and expensely warned her not to yid Rosset.

ful December morning, Rossetti had entered the palace, and so carnestly warned her not to ride Romeo. At first the memory of her love for the young artist had swept back upon her like a lava-tide, and then the thought of Medra's story nerved-her to calmness, and she had refused to heed his plea, and gone forth on the excursion, which had well nigh proved fatal. After her second rescue by Rossetti, and the apparent interest he still evinced in her, she had come to the decision that it was a brotherly regard for his pupil which prompted his conduct.

Aurora and Constanca had become still more warmly attached to the young comtessa during her sojourn in their lowly home, and when, four days subsequent to that disastrous ride, she came forth into the little parlour, leaning on Thereas's arm, they were joyful

parlour, leaning on Theresa's arm, they were joyful indeed.

The lady's complexion had taken a still more daz-zling fairness, and the rounded cheek were only the faintest peach-blossomed tint, but the large, dark eyes burned with all the myriad changes which had

the system of the surface of the sur

buryied to bring a footstool.

"You are spoiling me!" exclaimed the lady, with a grateful glance at both sisters, and a smile, which testified her appreciation of their kindness.

At this moment the young artist entered, and his whole face lighted up as he exclaimed:
"This is a pleasant surprise, Lady Ginevra; believe me you are very, very welcome to our little par-

A playful conversation ensued, and then Rossetti went back to his studio with his heart full of Ginevra. At a much earlier hour than he usually left his work, he returned to his home, and on entering the

wors, he restricted to his nome, and on entering the parlour, found the young comtessa still there.

"I fear," he said, as he approached her, "you may be lonely here, when you have so much society in Naples, but I hope my sisters will try and amuse you.

My library is small; but it may contain some books

which will please you."

"I have been looking over some of them," replied the lady, "and both Aurora and Constance have been reading to me."

"Oh, Rafaele!" exclaimed the elder sister, "we

felt our inability to entertain her, and only read to while away the time; but now that you have come,

"Perhaps," rejoined Rossetti, "Lady Ginevra is too weary to hear more?"

"Oh, no, no," said the girl, "it will give me the greatest pleasure to hear you read the old Italian poets."

"And where shall I commence?"
"Begin with Tasso," replied the lady.
And the reading commenced.
Ginevra Montaldi listened with soft interest, for

the very soul of the author seemed to breathe through the render's lips; now his voice sack into melting pathos, now grow stern and clamorous with the elo-quence of some wild plea, and now with musical utrance murmured the poet's plaint.

When Rossetti paused, the comtessa looked up at

him, and said:

him, and said:
"This is indeed reading. If you are quite willling,
I should be most happy to hear you read every evening while I stay."

And then recalling his rumoured betrothal, she

added:

"Should you have other engagements, however, I

"Should you have other engagements, however, I must release you."

"There is nothing to prevent my compliance with your request," replied the artist. "I will do all in my power to contribute to your amusement."

The next evening the reading was resumed, and Danie the poet chosen; and while the comtessa sat in her easy chair again, listening to Rossetti, and his sisters grouped themselves in the cheerful lamplight, a girlish figure, wrapped in a dark cardinal, and with the hood gathered closely about her face, stole to one of the windows, and furtively watched the scene. When at length she glided away, and was far beyond Rossetti's dwelling, her hood fell back for an instant, disclosing the flushed face of Agnese Fontana.

Agnese Fontana.
"He loves her," she muttered, "it is too true, and a man, with Rafaele Rossetti's nature, neverloves but

She walked on a few paces, and then again paused,

and said:
"One thing is certain—a poor artist can never,
never marry Ginevra di Montaldi—her shrewd father
has set his heart on a brilliant alliance; and since she
has won Rossetti's heart, what care I though the
walks of a ducal palace close about her like prison

(To be continued)

# LILLIAN FAY.

A HLACK-HAIRED, black-eyed, moustached Frenchman!

Emily deteated Frenchmen in a general way, and she was prepared to mete out her aversion to this one with an unstinting hand, but he met her sour looks with such an air of appealing deprecation in his soft black eyes, he smiled so sadly at her sharp speeches, and answered her in such a musical, mild voice, that she began by forgiving him for being a Frenchman, and ended by letting him turn her music for her, accompany her with his rich tenor, read poetry to her, and look nonsense at her out of read poetry to her, and look nonsense at her out of his dangerously handsome eyes. Finally she fell in love with him; she, the belle of the county, the richest heiress, the last representative of a family which prided itself on its pure lineage, its stainless name; he, an obscure stranger, with not even the French facility of pretending to be somebody. I am afraid, indeed, that this last peculiarity rather heightened his attractions in Emily's eyes. There were very of decided reconnece in the nature

There was a vein of decided romance in the nature of the proud beauty, and the very reserve with which Victor de Launey spoke of his past, clad him, unconsciously to herself, with a mystery immensely fascinating. I don't know but she had a notion he might be some grand French noble, who had come incognito to Silverlea for the express purpose of wooing her; but if so, she had no warrant for the

ome in any look or word of his. He had a room at a farmhouse near, and he sat there sometimes and studied or wrote, but the most of his time, as he grew in Emily's good graces, was passed at Silverlea, whose fine library was the osten-sible attraction, but whose real lure to Victor de Launcy was the beautiful mistress, who smiled fondly into his sad eyes, and never shrauk when he pressed his lips to her white jewelled fingers.

Honestly, the man was in grave trouble, hiding here really from the terrors of a law he had in a rash and desperate moment outraged. He had come here despairing and unhappy, with scarcely a hope that justice would not swiftly overtake him; but growing more courageous as the time wore on and he was still safe, and unuterably grateful to the heiress for the kindness which so lightened the heaviness of those remoresful days, that he presently mistook gratitude for love, and with that chivalrous gallantry, which is so irresistible to some women, and as natural to a Frenchman as his breath, pleaded his suit. Emily did not listen with a deaf ear, but a gracious one, and De Launey rose from his knees

By his own desire, the relation between them was kept for the present secret, and to do him justice it was the heiress herself he cared for, quite as much

Emily had only very distant relatives. There was a little cousin, Lillian Fay, who used to come every summer and spend two or three months with her. Emily was very anxious her lover should see this pretty child. pretty child. He, with his fine artistic taste, would appreciate so keenly the little one's rare and exceeding loveliness. She was very particular, that first evening after Lillian came, about her dress and the arrangement of her hair. She made her don her most becoming attire, and oversaw herself the dressnost becoming attire, and oversaw herself the dressing of her long, soft, yellow curls. She was well repaid by the Frenchman's start of astonishment and pleasure, as pretty Lillian came shyly into the room, her lovely cheeks aflush, her eyelids drooping, and her lips apart so that you could see the tiny pearls that nestled away behind those rosy barriers. Emily laughed with delight, and De Launey and the mode Lillian sit down between them and the

she made Lillian sit down between them, and the three chatted merrily an hour or more. Then Emily would have sent Lillian away, but her lover begged that she might stay, and well enough pleased, she

consented.

Emily was twenty-five, a tall, stately beauty at the zenith of her charms, and by reason of her some eight years seniority, considering Lillian a child. And a child the girl was in some respects; but she was seventeen, and as unfitting to be exposed safely was seventees, and as unitung to be exposed sately to the fascination of such companionship as De Launey's, as a wild bird of the wood to encounter the net of the suarer. The Frenchman was gallant by nature. His lips formed pretty sayings and his eyes looked tender

things as naturally as flowers distil honey; and Lillian's loveliness, her shy, sweet simplicity, was as much a snare to him, as his impassioned ways

Emily was practical as well as romantic, and she and a habit of personally superintending some of those details of household economy about which she was especially particular. She left these two to amuse each other on such occasions, and never droamed that any mischief could come of such innocent companionship, till she chanced one afternoon these over a below to small to her lower. The cent companionship, this she chanced one alternoon to lean over a balcony to speak to her lover. The laughing words died unspoken on her white lips.

What she saw was, only Lillian sitting as usual

over her embroidery, her head bent low, the sunny over her embrodery, her head beng tow, the sunly face half-hidden by the shadowing curls, and Victor upon the grass at her feet, his handsome eyes gazing up into the child's half-averted countenance with a on into the child's half-averted countenance with a ok of such impassioned tenderness, such loving idolatry, as Emily could not possibly misunderstand. Dinner was ready; but she could not meet the pair meet the pair just then. She sent a servant to call them, and excused herself on a plea of illness. Her chamber was cused herself on a plea of illness. Her chamber was over the dining-room, and the windows of both apartments were wide open. She could hear where she was, wrestling with her strange, sharp agony, the soft, musical laughter of the two rising and falling on the summer air, like the strings of a harp thrilling in unison. The sounds almost maddened her. She went to the windows and closed them with a crash, dropping the blinds also, till the room was as dark as her soul was. Was.

When darkness fell also out of doors, and she did not come down, Lillian stole softly up and knocked at her door. There was no answer, and the girl went down again, vaguely chilled, but unsuspicious. at her door.

Emily made her appearance in the morning a little paler than her wont, a little graver, more silent. But Victor and Lillian, like two children who saw only each other, beheld nothing that last night's illness wight not account for

might not account for.

Emily was not one of those noble women who quietly surrender the lover they have virtually lost. She saw clearly enough that she had lost him, and where she had loved she began to hate. She had never questioned him concerning that past of which he seemed so loath to speak. Her love had rather helped to bar the doors of his silence. But now, she bent all her energies to penetrate the mystery. One day, when the people at the farmhouse where De Launey boarded were all away at the neighbouring town, she left Victor and Lillian braiding blossoms at Silverlea, and she, with a bunch of keys in her pocket, went down across the fields to the farm-

She came back triumphant, this desperate, resolved She had found, hidden away in woman. She had found, hidden away in victors room, with strange carefulness, a scrap of a newspaper, giving a detailed account of a curious forgery that had been effected upon one of the leading banks of the city. The perpetrator had gotten off safely and was supposed to have sailed for Australia. Emily knew better; Victor de Launey knew better than

That very afternoon, for Emily was impatient, she made an excuse to banish Victor a while from the house, and then she drew shy, sweet Lillian down beside her, and with praises of this young heart's idol, won from it confession of its idolatry.

"He is mine," then this strange woman said; "but shall give him to you, Lillian. I shall surrender I shall give him to you, Lillian. I shall surrender all my claims upon him, on one condition. Victor has quarrelled with his family, proud, aristocratic has quarrelled ple, and will not make peace with them. Recon-him to his family."

But how ?

Lillian lifted her dark eyes in timid surprise.
"It is easy enough," said Emily. "They do not know where he is. You have only to go to this address in the town, and tell them he is here. They will seek him. He will not be able to resist their perseverance and kindness. He will be grateful to you for your instrumentality in the matter."

seems a very strange thing to do, cousin," the pretty child said; "but if you, who are ch wiser and older than I, think I ought, I will

Emily got her off before Victor's return. lowed Emily's directions implicitly, went to the address she had given her, and told her message. The address was that of a celebrated banker, and the name was not De Launey; but Emily had explained that that was not Victor's real name, so that Lillian suspected nothing till the exclamations that greeted her information told her the truth.

Even then it was difficult to realise it, or to hold

her dizzy senses long enough to decide upon what next to do, to remedy the mischief she had so un-

wittingly done.

Such love as Lillian's is generous; it trusts unlimitedly, and it loves on when trust is dead.

Lillian knew that there was no train for Silverlea for several hours, and the officers would doubtlessgo down by that to arrest poor Victor. But a train left

Silverlea that evening.

She went to the telegraph office, and sent Victor de Launey a telegram.

telegram.
me; I am in great trouble. Don't cousin Emily. Cousin Emily.

He would get it, if it went promptly to him. He would come to her, believing her in trouble, as indeed she was, if she sent for him into the very jaws of death. But there was another difficulty. The train which might bring him was due so near the starting of that by which the officers would go to arrest him, that they might run right upon him, if he

She was waiting at the station, with a throbbing

heart, as the train came thundering in.
She would never have known the officers, of course She would never have known the officers, of course, but the banker, whom she did know, came down to see them off. It was a horrible moment when the train stopped, and her wild eyes searched the long line of carriages.

She saw Victor actually coming towards her, and at the same moment the banker and his party sauntering that way, having crossed between the carriages;

heaven and earth seemed to surge together, and she scarcely kept from screaming into Victor's ear his

ey did not know him, however, and Victor saw nothing but her—drawing the little cold hand within his own, and half leading, half carrying her out of

Not till safe within a cab, did she tell him the story

of his danger.

The Frenchman intended to carry Lillian across the ocean with him; but detectives are not so easily foiled. A couple were stationed at the steamer wharf, with a clerk who knew De Launey, and as he placed his foot upon the gang-way he was arrested. Trial, conviction, sentence, and imprisonment followed and Lillian escaped the ruin that once seemed

lowed and Linian escaped the run that once seemed to have her in its grasp.

And Emily, having succeeded in her plan of making pretty Lillian instrumental in the ruin of her lover, her own wounds gaped the wider; and she lived to be an embittered old woman, without happing.

ness or friends.

The Duchy of Cornwall has, during the past year, yielded to the private purse of the Prince of Wales a net sum of 55,252l.

A NUMBER of the temperance friends of Mr. George Cruikshank have presented his great picture, "The Worship of Bacchus," valued at 3,000*l.*, to the nation It is to be exhibited in the South Kensington Mu-

A short time ago about 400 Chinese women arrived at San Francisco, and their bachelor countrymen made a charge into their ranks, with the view of each man securing a wife for himself. Great ex-citement prevailed in the Celestial quarter of the town, and there were numerous fights and arrests in consequence.

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IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND .- One of the most remarkable social gatherings that has ever taken place in Bellshill came off the other evening with the place in Bellshill came off the other evening with the greatest éclat. The old maids of the place entertained the old bachelors. The usual preliminaries of a tea-party were enjoyed with the utmost zest, and dancing was afterwards indulged in up to an early hour. They inhabitants generally anticipate, as the result of this unique party, that the marriages' return will exhibit a considerable increase at the end of the current quarter.

the current quarter.

THE LAWS OF JAPAN.—The magistrates in Japan have the power of inflicting the following punishments:—1st, branding; 2nd, splitting the nose; 3rd, banishment; 4th, transportation; 5th, strangulation; 5th, imprisonment; 7th, decapitation and exposure of the head; 8th, crucifixion and transfixion; 9th, burning; 10th, decapitation; "and so on." The infliction of the punishments of tying a criminal's legs to two oxen and driving them in different directions, and of boiling in oil, is a prerogative of the emperor. the emperor.

DISCOVERY OF OLD JEWELS .- A singular disc DISCOVERY OF OLD JEWELS.—A singular discovery of diamonds and jewellery has been made at Newton Abbot, Dovonshire. Denbury House, belonging to a gentleman at Torquay, has lately been undergoing repairs. The house is a very ancient one. In one of the rooms a painter discovered a cupboard which apparently had not been opened for centuries. The cupboard was locked, but the painter was curious to see what was inside, and, having obtained the painter was curious to see what was inside, and, having obtained the painter was curious to see what was inside, and, having obtained the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to the painter was supprised to the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to the painter was supprised to the painter was supprised to find a quantity of the painter was supprised to the painter wa permission to open it, was surprised to find a quantity of diamonds, jewellery, &c. No one had the slightest knowledge of the cupboard, and it is the general belief that the articles had been secreted there for generations.

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THE ATTEMPTED MURDER.

# FAIRLEIGH:

OR, THE BANKER'S SECRET

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROWE paused a moment ere he cut the second ribbon that bound the packet. Strange thoughts dashed through his brain. He felt peculiarly—it seemed as if a new and mysterious world was about to open unto him. An instant of indecision, and then with a quick movement, he cut the remaining ribbon and the documents fell apart.

The first one he locked at was a schedule of the

The first one he looked at was a schedule of the different banks in which his uncle had kindly placed his money. He threw it aside, with an impatient gesture, and grasped another. He unfolded it, and the first words told him that he held the one which was so mysteriously referred to on the outside of the packet.

With a beating heart, and imagination conjuring up all descriptions of grim shadows, he bent his eyes upon the paper, and with breathless interest began the perusal.

"My dear Charles when I am dead and

began the perusal.

"My dear Charles, when I am dead and gone, when I can no longer shield and guard you, when you depend wholly upon yourself, then will come the most unplessant, most sad, mortifying duty of your whole life—viz., the perusal of that which follows:

"Before I give the words, and it gives me as much pain to write them as it will give you to read them, let me revert to the main object of the following pages, and explain to you the reasons that this

them, let me revert to the main object of the following pages, and explain to you the reasons that this has never before been brought before your attention.

"First, let me exhort you to control yourself, to remember that, 'man proposes and God disposes,' that you are not guilty, because of another's crime, that you have enough of this world's goods to be happy, and to do good with; remember that, Charles. What has passed ought not to influence you in your duty to heaven and man, your love, or your profession. All that I write these words for, and impart to you the secret, is to ease my conscience. It does not seem just that I should go to my grave, and leave you nourishing a wrong opinion. Once It does not seem just that I should go to my grave, and leave you nourishing a wrong opinion. Once more, I say, if you are not strong enough to control yourself, to read this calmly, and when it is read to cast off its influences, bury the knowledge in the innermost recesses of your mind and heart, and never call them to light; if you cannot do this—I repeat, stop where you are, and destroy this manuscript."

The words seemed ominons; he was in a perfect bewilderment. What should he do? He glanced at the papers, he pressed his hands to his throbbing brows, thought a moment, and then exclaimed, vehemently:
"I will read them, if I repent it even."

"I will read them, if I repont it even."
He again turned his attention to the sheet before him, and read:
"Years ago I should have imparted to you what I now propose to do, had it not have been for the saddening, and mayhap, debilitating influence it would have had on your mind. I fear it would have spoiled your usefulness in business, and your pleasure in society.

society.

"But now that you are a man, and I trust your mind not so susceptible to disturbing elements as it was once, I feel it my duty to tell you all. You must already be weary with my circumlocution; but the cause of that is the hesitation I feel in telling you, and to put off hurting your feelings to the last possible moment. But I can wait no longer; now exercise your volition, if any you have."

Charles Rowe needed such caution as the above words conveyed. He was in a state of great agitation, his haste to know the secret, his annoyance at the prolixity of the composition, his late grief, all combined, rendered him hardly fit to think, much more to read anything so exciting as that promised

more to read anything so exciting as that promised

more to read anything so exciting as that promised to be.

"I must calm myself," he said, pressing his hand-kerchief across his brow, "this will never do—there, there, I can't keep still after all"

And as though it were a matter of life and death, he clutched the paper and read on:

"You have been informed by me that your parents were dead; partly it is true—wholly, as far as I know, at this time.

at this time

"The manner of your father's death—but wait, first, let me give you salight idea of him. He lived to the advanced age of fifty before he married. There were various reasons for this. First, he was, There were various reasons for this. First, he was, when a young man, in indigent circumstances, with a mother and sister to support. He directed his whole attention to making money, and thereby rendering his mother and sister happy, and providing for them a luxurious home. His mother lived to a good old age, and when he had attained a considerable fortune, and was just reaching the position which he had so yearned for—honoured and independent, his mother died. This to the loving son was a crushing blow; it nearly killed him. He seemed to have lost all ambition, all care for everything, and in a short time he was taken with the brain fever. For months this kept him upon his

bed, during which time he was nursed by his sister with the utmost care and sisterly affection.

"To her also the death of her mother was a terrible grief; it occurred about the time that she was to be married. Of course the lamentable event, and the subsequent illness of her brother, postponed the intended nuptials, and turned the bridal robes into mourning. But I will not dwell upon this. At last your father recovered; but he was a changed man, changed in appearance as well as manner, for during his illness his hair which was an iron-gray, had turned as white as snow. He went about his business mechanically, heaped up money with no visible purpose—he rarely smiled. Thus matters went on for two years, when the marriage of his sister occurred. Instead of the banquet and joyful proceedings which at first were desired, the marriage was conducted very quietly, and with the bride in mourning. A strange fancy, but so it was

was conducted very quietly, and with the bride in mourning. A strange fancy, but so it was "Years passed on. In his forty-ninth year a change came over your father. It was at this time that he became acquainted with the lovely and accomplished Etta Vernon. Strange as it may seein to you, and at the same time it seemed the height of madness to me, he fell desporately in love with her. His suspended animation seemed to return, he became young again under the flashes of her dark eyes and the sweet tones of her voice. She was a girl in came young again under the flashes of her dark eyes and the sweet tones of her voice. She was a girl in moderate circumstances; and that perhaps, in a measure, accounts for your father's bewitchery, for I can call it nothing else. He proposed to her, and she accepted him; then a grand wedding followed, and she was duly installed in her position as mistress of his mansion. A year passed, and you were born. Report said that the old man and his darling were ill-matched and unhappy. This I cannot believe, for two years after you were born, I received a letter from your father, in which he eulogised your mother in glowing terms; his very words, as I now remember them, were: 'I have never known what happiness is until this year; my wife and darling boy are treasures to me.' Then he went on, and advised ma to marry, at the same time speaking of his household as his earthly paradise. I was much gratified to know that he was happy, for I knew that he had had sorrow.

"A little more than a wear had passed at the time."

sorrow.

"A little more than a year had passed; at the time of which I write I was in the very house. Now, my dear boy, comes the dark side of the picture, the light you have seen; and for the sake of your peace of mind, it were better that you stop here. You were living in Rochester. "Twas then that nows came to me, fearful, heartreading news, that made me sigh with horror at the wickedness of man and the in-

constancy of woman. One fatal night, while sleeping peacefully, your father was murdered."
"Murdered!" cried Rowe. "Murdered! My father murdered! Oh, heaven, what is this?"

He once more caught up the manuscript and pro-

ceeded.

"The wife, whose place was at her husband's side, was not to be found. Conjecture was rife, persons was not to be found. Conjecture was rife, persons said that they had seen her leave the house in company with a strange man, a short time previous to the committal of the horrible deed; but of this there was no positive evidence, though certain it is, that she has never been seen since."

Rowe paused. The beads of perspiration stood apou his brow, his eyes protruded from their sockets,

his brain seemed on fire

his brain seemed on fire.

"My father murdored! My mother a criminal! Oh, bray-n, why was I spared for this disgrace? Oh, grade, with terrible emphasis. "Curse you! auso you! Oh take my gold, every pound, and give me a mother! And my mother was—oh, heaven, what thoughts are those?"

He buried his face in his hands, the strong many the strong to

quaked, his agony overpowered him, and he sank to the floor. Trembling like a leaf, he lay there, with quaked, his agony over the floor. Trembling like a leaf, he lay there, with hardly the power to raise an arm. After a long and continued struggle with himself, which lasted nearly an hour, he succeeded in composing himself to such a degree as to be able to return to his chair. A few moments more, and he turned to the page, and, with a

pale, haggard face, devoured the contents.
"In face of the evidence of her happy life with your father, it is hard to believe that she went away wilfully, but that doubt in her behalf is eradicated, by the fact that whe never has returned or been heard of since. You, then a little child, was awakened by the noise, and the passage of an excited crowd through the house. You crawled from your cot, and stood beside your father's bed, frightened,

cot, and stood beside your father's bed, frightened, terrified; yet not knowing why; you were removed by a kind-hearted sailor."

"Heavens!" gasped Rowe. "The Haidee! The sailor's story! And I listened to it, little thinking that I was the one who drew tears into the sailor's eyes! Oh, fearful revelation! Oh, miserable life! Better had the assassin's knife ended my infantile existence, than that I eyes should have lived to existence, than that I ever should have lived to

He groaned aloud, then with a wild desire to know

re, he read, with insane interest:
As soon as I learned this terrible news, I started with all possible speed towards the scene of action. I took you away. I brought you to my home, and I took you away. I brought you to my home, and hired a nurse for you, and thenceforth reared you as my child. The estate of your father was settled, and I, at my own request, was appointed guardian. You will naturally wish to know if the villain has ever been apprehended; to my knowledge, he has not. It was generally thought at the time that it was the work of a gang. Suspicion did rest upon one, however, from the fact that he was seen a few moments after the murder, and since then has never made his appearance." made his appearance.

Here a portion was cut out of the manuscript. At the bottom of the page was a note explanatory of it, and dated only a few weeks before his uncle's death. This almost stupified Rowe. What did it mean?

He referred to the note, and read :

I did write the name of the individual suspected; but I must spare you that, for I do not think you could survive the knowledge."

Rowe gasped for breath at these words, fearful in

their significance, then, with glaring eyes, he continued:

"There was no evidence, only, as I have before said, that he was seen near the place. It might be a terrible injustice to his friends for me to breathe anything personal. Enough it is that he is supposed anything personal. Enough it is that he is supposed to be dead, for he has not been seen since that time. Now, my dear boy, you had better postpone the remainder of the reading for some future time, for can imagine that your mind is one chaos of grief."
But the young doctor was dead to everything but

the pages before him, which seemed to assume hideous shapes, and suap, and blaze in his flugers. A film passed before his eyes, his brain refused to work, his limbs gave up their support, and he fell to the floor insensible.

Hours passed, and the young man still lay upon the floor, his fingers clutching those awful pages, and his face resembling that of a man in the grip of death, save the laboured respiration, and the nervous movement of the facial muscles.

'Twas late in the evening when he awoke from his stupor, and lifting his head, he endeavoured to pierce

darkness that surrounded him. Where am I?" he groaned, as he with difficulty " Dark, dark-how came I here?

He stumbled into a chair, and slowly, like a fog, arose the haze which had clouded his brain, and he came to an understanding of his position, and a bit-

ter understanding it was. He groped around, found a match, and lighted the large German study-lamp that stood upon the desk.

He had eaten nothing since morning, but he scorned

the thought, and once more grasping the fatal manu-script, he seated himself, and tremblingly proceeded

its perusal: Now I have to make another revelation. name is not Rowe, but De Argule, your father being a lineal descendant of the famous French family of a lineal descendant of the famous French family of that name. Your name Charles, was originally Carlos, and I changed it to suit my own ideas. We loved each other, my boy; I have taken pride in you, and you have regarded me with filial affection, which has served to cheer and brighten my bachelor life. But for you, my existence would, indeed, have been cheerless. When you read what comes after this, remember that we loved each other—that your father and I haved each other. loved each other.

"The above words are to prepare you for the fol-lowing declaration. Although you have always con-sidered me your uncle, which fact increased my juy, I am grieved to tell you that we are no relation— your father and I were dear friends to each other; but not the most remote ties of blood existed betw

us."

The manuscript fell from his hand, he bowed his head, the tears gathered in his ayes.

"Oh, what more?" he meaned. "Even the sweet remembrance of one relative is dispelled, and I am alone, alone, alone! Oh, heaven, not cue on this great earth whom I can call mine! My life has been a delusion, one long, ingering delusion that is now rudely sundered, and I am alone! Oh, sorrow, thy pange are severing my heart in twain!"

Another of those agonising pauses, and almost crushed with the weight which depressed his heart, he resumed the perusal of those awful pages:

"Do not let this fact cause you serrow. We are all that father and son could be to each other. As I said boisse, you have been the joy of my life, since I first pressed your infantite face to my breast, and vowed to cherish and protect you for your fathers.

vowed to cherish and protect you for your father's sake. I have only a few more words of counsel to add—bewere of Abner Drake—he was your father's enemy; he went away a short time before the nemy; he went away a short time before the mur-er, else I should think he did it.

der, else I should think he did it.

"Now I have said nearly all. Be a man, my boy
(I write these words since you have come home and
found me ill), be true to heaven and yourself; be
happy in your love, and try to imagine your mother
innocent of any wrong; lead a good life and you will
be happy. I am weak, I can write no more—heaven
has you at house, though love, for though bless you a thousand times, my only love—for through you only has my bachelor heart felt the divine feel-ings that actuate a good father's heart, and purify his

There was no more, the last word of that fearful revelation had been written and read. The unhappy young man could not but feel a glow of pleasure, even in the midst of the gloom that surrounded him. It was a faint gleam, such as often comes to cheer us poor mortals when in the depths of grief.

His head fell upon his hands—not in the wild way which had characterised his actions a moment before —but in a subdued quiet manner which showed that reason was again ascending her throne, from which she had temporarily been displaced by the surging

tide of grief and pain.

He was absorbed in thought, he was trying to be resigned as his uncle had wished, he was endeavour-ing to allay those terrible feelings which threatened to again take possession of him. His mind travelled back over the incidents, many and varied, that had occurred since he first stepped upon the deck of the Haidee. Oh, it was a panorama of light and shade of life that now presented to his mind scenes of happiness and love, and then changed to poor and dismal places, and their attributes, crime, sorrow, and care. Then the horizon of his vision became clearer, and before him in all her beauty, with a soft and care. haze partially concealing and adding to her lovelinase partially concealing and adding to her lovel-ness, with heavenly inspiration in her callen features, with one hand held out to the poor and needy, and the other pointed towards the sky, with comfort in her presence, and tranquillity beaming from her eyes, e Florence Ormsby to calm his troubled spirit CBT and give peace to his soul.

Behind him the wall slowly moved, a door slid back, an evil face appeared. Stealthily the intruder arose from his crouching position, and moved noise-

lessly into the room.

Rowe's waking vision changed. He seemed slowly to rise from earth; he saw Florence, her blue eye wild with terror, her face deathly pale, and her lon white arms pointing towards him warningly, a look of unutterable pain passed over her features, her lips moved, and Rowe imagined he heard the words:

"Charles beware! Arise! Arise! for Florence's So painful, so distinct, so lifelike were the words,

exploded beneath it.

Ah, none too soon! As he turned, a burly form An, none too soon: As he turned, a burly form obstructed his path, eyes emitting gleams of malice flashed upon him, a strong arm and long glittering blade met his view.

Ere he had time to collect his senses, a yell, flendish and unearthly, echoed through the room, and lifting the blade high in the air, the assassin

that he sprang from his chair, as though a shell had

and making the blade high in the air, the assassin sprang upon him.

As the blade descended, Rowe eaught his aggressor's arm; for an instant they fought for possession of the weapon, and then both fell to the floor in each other's arm.

of the weapon, and then both fell to the floor in each other's grasp.

For a few moments the struggle was terrible. Rowe was strong; but he was faint from want of food. For an instant they rolled upon the floor, the knife gleamed, the villain's eyes emitted lire. Rowe kept his hold with the strength of desperation; but he grew weaker, his power failed him. A gleam of awful meaning shot across the swarthy, well face of the villain, making it appear hideous in the mellow light. He stood over the young man, the long knife uplifted. Charles thought of Florenes. The villain raised his arm, his eyes gleamed like coals, his breath came thick and fast; he best forward to give more force to the blow. Oh, dread measure? Shall life thus be sacrificed? Howe would have wried for help, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. He saw death before him, he felt the last breath of the assessin upon his neck. of the knife upon his neck.

A resounding, terrible crash of glass—the lawn window was shivered to atoms, and, with a bound, a powerful man sprang into the room. One glance at the scene—a murmured hope, and, with crashing force, a club descended upon the assassin's head. He fell to the ground insensible, and Charles Rowe

vas saved.

For a moment the intruder stood silent, while his breast heaved, and his gray eyes gleamed with different emotions. Then the words, "Thank heaven," seesged his lips, and, bending down, he affixed a pair of handcuffs to the wrists of the would-be murderer.

Then he directed his attention to Charles, whom he lifted from the floor, and soon brought him out of the swoon which the great excitement he had ex-perienced had thrown him into.

Charles gazed an instant at the still insensible form of the villain, he looked at the window, and then turned his bewildered glance upon his deliverer. A partial understanding dawned upon his mind, and he exclaimed:

"You have saved my life. How can I thank

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"Heaven knows the pleasure of it amply repays me," he replied, in a tone of sincerity. Rowe was at a loss to know why he should evines so much interest, but he said nothing.

The strange man glanced at the supine form of the villain with an air of triumph. In a moment he moved, his senses benumbed by the blow rosumed their wonted action; he opened his eyes; they fell upon Rowe with a revengeful,

bitter stare. Then he turned his head, and met the defiant, triumphant look that rested upon his conqueror's features. A look of intense hatred, mingled with

rage, mortification and malice, made his face quiver and his eyes roll wildly about; then he hissed in a low, stifled, but terribly distinct voice, which carried in its tones the quintessence of a diabolical

Dayton, curse you!"
"Dayton?" repeated Rowe, in amazement, "the great detective?"

"Aye, Dayton!" reiterated the deliverer, with a look of victory, addressing the pinioned man.

He writhed, he swore horrible oaths, he gnashed his teeth, he called in agony, and, meanwhile, his

captor stood taunting him.

Yes, Dayton," again repeated the owner of that

name, as if to torture the prisoner by the sound of the name. "And ere a twelvemonth passes he will have your whole gang.

"Oh, you can't do that; you can hang me; but you can never enter our retreat alive," and the brute laughed a coarse, revolting laugh. Rowe stepped forward and scrutinised the man

very carefully, then a light broke over his countenance. turning to Dayton, he said:
It is strange that I did not recognise that man

before; he is a porter we have had in the house for a short time past, and who imposed upon my good uncle.'

"And that is not all," returned Dayton; "he is one of a gang who have forged more paper, made more counterfeit money, committed more murders, and cluded the vigilance of the law more successfully than any that were ever before in this country.

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The villain grinned a hideous grin.

The villain grinned a hideous grin.

"So you consider it a compliment, do you? Well you shall have the benefit of it. But first, I will take you to London, have you tried for the robbing of the banking-house of Winslow and Son, and in the meantime you will be indicted for assault with intent to kill—how is that, eh?" and the detective's face showed that he was pleased at the prospect. At that moment a furious knocking was heard upon the door, mingled with the shrill tones of Miss Bunt's voice, attempt the following words:

voice, uttering the following words:

"Let me in, I say—who broke the window—who killed—open the door—you've scared me to death-

Here farther remarks were interrupted by the opening of the door, which revealed the little woman standing with her hands pressed to her heart, and her face plainly showing that she had indeed

been frightened.

As she saw the form of the would-be-assassin, she gave a shrick and started back, exclaiming as she

did so:

"Why, it's the porter! I always knew he was a villain! Oh, Mr. Rowe, has he hurt you? Take him away—what will the neighbours say? and so soon after the old gentleman's funeral."

So quick and sudden had the startling events followed each other in rapid succession, that he had quite forgotten the previous scene and his solitude. But Miss Bunt's words brought them all back with increased force; he thought of the writing, and started; it was upon the desk, and hastily rolling it up, he placed it inside his vost.

Then recurred to him his great sorrow, and the

Then recurred to him his great sorrow, and the suffering it had caused. By the last event had taught him a good lesson. When death, almost obedient as 'twere to his wish, came upon him, he struggled for life. While the ruffian held the glittering knife to his throat, he prayed for aid—almost miraculously it came. miraculously it came.

This taught him the shallowness of human wishes. and that one in particular. Now that he was safe was it manly, was it consistent, was it reasonable.

was it manly, was it consistent, was it reasonable was it judicious to hug his trouble to his heart? "No!" he said, and determined to act upon it. The detective had noticed his meditative appear-ance during the time that the above thoughts were passing through his mind, and turning towards him

said:
"Don't fret—take life easy."
Rowe started as the seemingly significent words
fell from the stranger's lips. He had read his thoughts
correctly, and the tone carried a great deal of assurance with it. He did not reply, hewever, and the
detective continued:
"Now, I will take this individual away."
"But I should like to talk with you," observed

"We shall meet again; talk now is time wasted.

Look out for yourself. Don't dream while awake,
and keep your eye open while asleep, remember."

And Dayton, who had got his prisoner to the window, disappeared, leaving the young doctor in a state
of wonderment at his words, and his manner of coming and gains.

ing and going.

He turned away with a long, weary sigh, and Miss

He turned away with a long, weary sigh, and Miss Bunt, noticing it, said:

"I should think that you might look tired; you'll be ill as sure as the world. Come, have a cup of tea, and see if you can't rest a minute; you look ten years older than when you came—don't contradict me—I tell you, you do," and with an authoritative wave of the hand, Miss Bunt signified her desire

"You are very kind. I will be with you in a moment," marnured Rowe, as he ascended the

stairs,
"Humph!" grumbled Miss Priscilla Bunt, halting,
and placing her arms skimbo. "Humph, I suppose
you are going off to your books again; your tea will
be cold. Oh, you men, you men, you plague a poor
woman's life out."

woman's life out."

And she started for the kitchen in a trot.

Rowe proceeded to the room—ah, that room in which his uncle—for he could call him nothing else—had died, and, opening the safe, again placed the papers in the iron box, with far different feelings than when he took them from it, locked the safe and

than when he took them from it, locked the sale and descended to the dining-room.

A well-spread, refreshing tea, greeted him with its savoury odour, and he began to think that despite Miss Bunt's acerbity she was a very good woman, and, in fact, she was, only she would do herself injustice by her quick, and sometimes imprudent, manner.

"How did that man get in? The door was

"How did that man get in? The door was locked, wasn's it?"

"Yes," replied Rowe, "but he came in through a slide in the wall, which leads to the room my uncle formerly occupied, and which he had put there to satisfy one of his whims."

No more was said, and Rowe shortly left the table. Going to his room, he threw himself into a table. Going to his room, he threw himself into a chair and sauk into a brown study. For two long hours he hardly moved, then, with many and conflicting thoughts, he prepared to retire. "Twas long ere sleep greeted his eyelids, and when it came it was restless and unsound.

The subject of his meditation was a question which deeply concerned his happiness. It was this: "Is it right to marry Florence with this stain upon my name, for as such the world will regard it?"

upon my name, for as such the world will regard it?"

The proper continuance of my stary compels a return to the time when Clarence was abducted. I will be as brief as possible, for it is not pleasant to retrograde when we ought to advance.

It was by great exertion that Mr. Albert Fairleigh was induced to go upon the expedition that was so near being fatal to our friend, Clarence. But all his resistance availed him nothing, and only served to rouse the ire of his chief, who swore that he should go, and he accordingly went; in fact, he could do no other way, for the word of Luke was both law and goapet to those who were unfortunate enough to be under his control. Mr. Fairleigh took no active part, however; he merely watched. And it was while engaged in this duty, that the pistol-bullet from Clarence's pistol passed through the coat of a man in front of Fairleigh, and then entered his left lung, from which wound he bled to death. Little did Clarence Ormsby think that the dead man at the side of him was the one whom he had cautioned, with regard to his sister, while at Brighton.

Brighton.

Having thus stated this fact, I will proceed to events which took place some time after the above

The demise of Mr. Albert Fairleigh was a great The demise of Mr. Albert Fairleigh was a great loss to the band, for he, although a coward, could enter society and take the dimensions, the mode of ingress and egress of the houses which he visited, and drew plans for the more rough and desperate to execute. Consequently he was greatly missed, and Luke blamed himself for ordering him to go.

As repining or regretting would not bring him back, something must be done to fill his place. Accordingly, one of the best looking of the men was commissioned to perambulate the streets and entrap some poor young man by offers of dazzling brilliancy

and by misrepresentations.

In a short time the individual thus commission had the good fortune to fall in with one, apparently of the desired stamp, and, after speaking in highly-coloured terms of the benefit which would accrue to him from this step, he at last reluctantly consented.
When he came to be initiated, and knew the com-

panions that surrounded him, he evinced no surprise, as anyone would imagine that he would have done, as anyone would imagine that he would have one, but he seemed to take the matter quite philosophically, and gazed at the iron and stone-bound cavern, the hideous Luke and his brute companion, and the hardened villains around him, with a complacency and a smile of good humour which was quite astonishing, considering his youth and tender appear-

At this Gibbons was more than pleased; he con-gratulated himself in a thousand unique and dis-gusting ways, and confidently expressed himself to his dog—who seemed to understand him, for he wagged his tail and showed his teeth: "that the new acquisition was a good one, a man as was sharp, quick, and hadn't the look of a simpleton about him."

Not wishing to frighten the young man, or make him, for the present, think otherwise than the one who induced him to become a member had repre-sented to him, he gave him no hard work, no pockets sented to firm, he gave min no hard work, no pockets to pick, no counting-houses to sneak into, but pleased him by sending him into society, under the name of Augustus Vernon, with plenty of letters purporting to be from influential merchante, to secure him a warm welcome, and money enough, of which Luke had plenty, to keep up appearances, and enjoy himself with the property of t self with.

As time passed on, Gibbons seemed drawn to-As time passed on, Gibbons seemed drawn to-wards the young man, as much as his heathenish nature would permit; at all events, to treat him far better than he did any of the rest, and at last, to confer upon him the most condescending favour of conducting him through the long alley, exhibiting to him his own quarters, and especially calling his at-tention to the place in which the fair young obild was slowly dragging her life out.

was slowly dragging her life out.

As the young man saw the plaintive face of the child, a shudder ran through his frame, but, fortunately, it was not noticed by the lynx-eyed Gibbons, who was engaged in tormenting the child, at which, a few moments after, the young man perforce smiled. This was the climax, and he went up in the estimation of Luke several degrees, for the latter saw that villany was a conspicuous element in the "sub-

stitute's" nature, and he flattered himself, that under his tuition, he would become an expert rebbe and scientific murderer, and the thought pleased him

(To be continued.)

# ADELCIA.

Author of "The Beauty of Paris," "Wild Redburn," &c

CHAPTER XXV

Sin Otto was about give vent to his rage and show his power, when Molina Maudstone, who had dis-mounted and given her bridle to Maybold, advanced

and said:

"Master Stepmore, with this gentlemen and his troop I have nothing to do. Thave heard that a friend of mine, Sir Blaize Thornleigh, lies worely wounded in your house, and I have come to ask that I may see him."

"Certainly, lady, you may see him. I pray you enter my house, and ask anyone you may see to lead you to Sir Blaize."

"May I sak you to lead me to him?" said Molina, ascending the steps of the terrace, and addressing Sir Bertram in her most permasive tones, and with the full power of her splendid black eyes turned upon

his.

"At any other time I would gladly be at your service, lady, but my father may need my aid here," replied Sir Bertram, in no mood to take note of her beauty, and failing to recognise her as the lady who had waited upon him when he was injured by a fall form his horse.

had waited upon him when he was injured by a fall from his horse.

At any other time he would have recognised her instantly, but now his mind was full of Sir Otto's presence, and the cause of that presence. His eyes, too, meet hers but for an instant, and then flashed back upon Sir Otto.

"He does not even remember my face," thought Molina, with a spasm of vexation at her heart. "It must be true, as the shrewd rustics said; he wor-ships Adelcia Louvaine."

She disdained to make any farther attempt to recall herself to his remembrance, and passed on into hall of the mansion with a proud and rapid step.

Sir Otto had heard the remark made by Sir Ber-tram, and learning from its tenor that Sir Bertram was the son of the merchant, and, therefore, the lover of Adelcia Louvaine, he regarded him sharply

and malevolently.

"State your business, Sir Otto Dare," said the merchant, haughtily, "and depart. There are two men in your train whom I recognise as two unpunished thieves, and the sooner they depart the better for them."

better for them."

As he spoke he glanced severely at Aaron Ramorset and Jacob Prance, and there was power enough in his steady defiant eye, to cause these two worthies to grow pale and shrink somewhat farther in the rear of the troop.

"My business is soon stated, old man," replied Sir Otto. "I have come for Mistress Adelcia Lou-

"Armed with whose authority, and with what

"Armed with whose authority, and with what power, to take her from my protection, Sir Otto?" "What if I say with such authority and power as you see before you, Master Stepmore?" replied Sir Otto, with a sneer. Richard Stepmore glauced defiantly over the troop,

and said:
"You are a servant of the Sultan of Turkey, and

"You are a servant of the Sultan of Turkey, and he has not so much power here as the meanest hind of my estate. You are not my master, nor of my masters. I yield nothing to the ambassador of the Turks. I am an Englishman, and upon English soil. If you are silly enough to imagine you can frighten me or any one here, because you are Sir Otto Dare, you shall soon be convinced of your mistake."

He tapped heavily upon the floor of the piazza as he concluded, and the signal was answered by the blast of a horn, blown by one of the three stout serving-men who stood near a corner of the mansion, and as this blast filled the air, a score of well-armed men came sweeping into view from around the house.

men came sweeping into view from around the house at one side, while from the other side as many more,

well-armed too, appeared.

Half as many more also rushed from the gate-keeper's cottage, and came rapidly towards the house

The Moslems, at a word from Sir Otto, threw them-The Mostems, at a word from Sir Otto, threw themselves into a hollow square, with their renegade chief in the centre. This military movement was so unexpected by the fat scrivener and his clerk, that they found themselves between the sharp lances of the Mostems, and the halberts of Master Stepmore's

friends.

These latter were such of his tenants as had hurriedly assembled at Stepmore Retreat at the command of their wealthy and honoured landlord, the command having been sent abroad during the preceding The terror and agitation of Aaron Ramors ceding night.

Jacob Prance caused them to utter dismal and dolors cries of alarm.
"Ride in, cowards!" shouted Sir Otto, as at his

command the serried ranks of his Moslems opened a passage for them. "Ride in, and cease your howl-

The scrivener and his clerk obeyed instantly, though, to their terrified minds, the refuge was more to be feared than desired, and Sir Otto, having ordered his Moslems to close up again around him.

ressed the defiant merchant, saying:
What means this show of force, Master Step

more?

To prove to you, Sir Otto, that you are in England, and not in Turkey. Now get you gone, and your rabble of Infidels and thieves with you. This is the third time that you have insulted these grounds

th your presence.
'Ah, is it so?" en "Ah, is it so?" exclaimed Sir Otto, fiercely. "Now have I more than half a mind to bid my followers cleave the heads of a score of these boors with their scimitars, and spear as many more with their lances."
"Give the word, apostate hound," cried Sir Bertram, as he drew his sword and advanced to the edge

tram, as he drew his sword and advanced to the edge of the piazza. "Give the word, and you shall have rare sport."

Sir Bertram descended the steps with a rapid pace, and hastening to a horse which two grooms led towards him, he sprang into the saddle, and placed himself at the head of his father's tenants.

A shout of applause greeted him as he sprang into the saddle, and Sir Otto saw that if the tenants were but rustics they had full confidence in their leader, and that their leader was an accomplished soldier. and that their leader was an accomplished soldier and officer.

The case with which the young knight managed his spirited steed, the grace with which he wore his armour, and the practised skill with which he rapidly issued his commands, completely encircling the Moslems with his superior forces, convinced the enraged renegade that Adelcia Louvaine was not to be captured by force of arms without a fierce and bloody struggle, a struggle more likely to end in his total defeat, and even death, than in carrying off the

Beauty of Stepmore Retreat.

"Ah," gasped the quaking "Ah," gasped the quaking scrivener, "I did warn you, Sir Otto, to bring a score or two of the queen's

troopers with us."
"Silence, coward! You have that with you which is more powerful than a thousand troopers," said Sir Otto. "Read the command of Queen Elizabeth. Read it quickly, or this flery knight of the yard-stick

will order a charge upon us."
"Oyez! Oyez!" screamed the terrified scrivener. in a shrill and quavering voice, as he drew from his doublet a roll of parchment, to which was affixed the

broad seal of England, and shaking it open, so that all might see it. "Oyer! Oyer! in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, and Ireland! Hear ye! Hear ye! In the name of the Queen!"

As these words were heard and understood, a deep and attentive silence fell upon all. So despotic was the power of the fierce daughter of Henry VIII., that the simple mention of her name caused the boldest

to maintain silence.
"It is as I feared," thought Richard Stepmore, a his heart sank in his bosom. "The apostate is armed with the royal authority. Thank heaven that Adelcia is far away from Stepmore Retreat." Aaron Ramorset now began to read the royal war-

rant which had been granted to Sir Otto Dare for the immediate seizure of the person of Adeleia Louvaine, known as the adopted daughter of one Richard Step-more, upon the charge of wicheraft and sorcery, proven to the full and entire satisfaction of Her Majesty in private council.

When he had finished his shrill yet distinct res ing of this portentous document, he continued, as he fixed his small and malignant eyes upon the mer-

chant :

"And now, Richard Stepmore, merchant and tra-der, here stands his High Excellency, Sir Otto Dare, Royal Ambassador of Mahomet the Third, to demand that you do forthwith, and without delay or word of opposition, deliver into his hands the person of the said Adelcia Louvaine, spinster, convicted of witch-craft, sorcery, treason, and divers minor crimes and

misdemeanours—"
"Liar!" cried Sir Bertram, white with rage
"Adelcia Louvaine is no witch. He lied who made

"Patience, my son," said the calm voice of the merchant. "We cannot resist the mandate of the

"Sir Otto Dare!" exclaimed the impetuous your "SIT Ofto Dare: excisined the impedious young knight, riding straight up to the spear-points of the Moslems, "Sir Otto Dare, you are a ruffian and a villain, a renegade knight, an apostate, and a

challenge you to mortal combat, here and on the instant!

He drew off his left gauntlet as he concluded, and

He drew off his left gauntlet as he concluded, and hurled it with so true an aim that it struck Sir Otto in the face, blinding him for a moment.

"Puppy!" roared the ambassador. "When the business upon which I am engaged is at an end, you shall answer for this with your life. Men of my degree do not deign to cross swords with such as you; but you shall be punished. Bring forth the maider Richard Stewner. Disparators are with heart. den, Richard Stepmore. Disperse, you currish boors! Would you dare resist the authority of your queen?

Is there no room fo of London-bridge? no room for your heads upon the battlements

Sir Bertram would not have paused in his attempts to force a collision with Sir Otto, had not his father's eye both begged and commanded him to be silent. So, full of wrath, the young knight remained quiet for the time. He saw with pain that the tenants of so, run of wrain, the young knight remained quiet for the time. He saw with pain that the tenants of his father, terrified by the presence of royal authority, had drawn off, and now stood aloof, with pale and startled faces, which declared that, though ready to battle for him and his honoured father in any other cause, they dared not oppose the mandate of Queen Elizabeth

Some of them had recently visited London, and they had not forgotten the blackening and grinning skulls of the many victims of the queen's tyranny. "The maiden!" Clamoured Sir

The merchant was desirous of giving Adelcia as much time as possible to continue her flight unpursued, and he replied:

"Come, Sir Otto Dare, and we will seek her."
"No attempt at treachery, fellow," oried Sir Otto, remaining in his saddle. "Here, six of you go with

the merchant, and bring the maiden to me."

Six of his Moslems dismounted, and followed Richard Stepmore into the house. Sir Bertram remained without.

The Moslems soon returned, saying that Adelcia ouvaine could not be found within, and that there Louvaine could were those of the women of the mansion who said

she had not been seen since the preceding night.

"She was here yesterday eve," roared Sir Otto,
"for I saw her. Where is she, Richard Stepmore?"

"Where she is at this moment I know not," replied the merchant, calmly. "I pray she may never fall into your hands, Sir Otto."

"Then she has fled from the authority of the

"How could she desire to evade the queen's order of arrest, when none of us here knew of your coming, nor why you should come."
"Read the other warrant, Aaron," said Sir Otto,

"Read the other warrant, Aaron," said Sir Otto, with a malignant glance upon the merchant, and

springing to the ground.
"Oyez! Oyez!" again screamed the scrivener, "Oyez: Oyez: again sereamen and with more zeal and courage than he had hitherto displayed, for he had not failed to observe the tre-pidation of the Stepmore tenants. "Oyez! Oyez! displayed, for he had not tailed to observe the ap-pidation of the Stepmore tenants. "Oyez! Oyez! All good and loyal Englishmen! In the name and by the command of Elizabeth, Queen of England, Ireland, and France, Richard Stepmore, merchant and trader, is proclaimed outlaw and traitor to the crown of England, and warrant is hereby given unto Master Aaron Ramorset, or whomsoever he may appoint, to arrest and bind the said Richard epmore, and convey him forthwith, dead or alive the prison nearest where he may be arrested and all good and loyal Englishmen are urged and commanded to give aid as called upon by the said Aaron Ramorset, under peril of the queen's dis-

Such was the signification, though not the exact terms, of the royal writ of arrest, read, or rather screamed, by the malicious scrivener, and even the daring Sir Bertram felt his heart sink as he heard it.

He was ill at ease, too, concerning the outlawed earl, who had departed from the house soon after dawn upon some perilous adventure of his own, which had for its object the speedy recovery of the lost casket

lost casket.

The vaunting spirit of Sir Otto, however, soon told Sir Bertram that the earl had failed; for, as Ramorset finished the reading of the warrant for the arrest of Master Stepmore, Sir Otto said, sternly:

"I know not that we may not include the name and person of Sir Bertram Stepmore in this order of arrest, as he no doubt connived with his servant, called Edwin Hume, to assassinate me."

"I do not understand you. Sir Otto," remarked."

"I do not understand you, Sir Otto," remarked

"I do not understand you, Sir Otto," remarked the young knight, calmly.
"Your servant, Edwin Hume, who was an out-lawed traitor in disguise, tried to rob and assassi-nate me, scarcely an hour ago," replied Sir Otto, flercely. "The dog failed, and is dead."
"Did you slay him?" cried Sir Bertram, rigid with grief and rage.
"Ask that fellow how he dicd," said Sir Otto,

coward, and as champion of Adelcia Lonvaine, I do haughtily, pointing to Reuben Maybold, who had dischallenge you to mortal combat, here and on the in-

mounted and was standing aloof, holding the horse lately ridden by his mistress.

Sir Bertram, eager to learn the fate of Adelcia's father, hurried to speak with Maybold, and Sir Otto again addressed the merchant, whose calmness of mien remained unshaken:

mion remained unshaken:
"Richard Stepmore, you are not my prisoner, but
that of the queen. With you I have no more to do,
unless Master Ramorset calls upon me."
"And I do call upon your High Excellency,"
screamed Aaron Ramorset. "The man is not yet

Arrest him, then," thundered Sir Otto. "There

"Arrest him, then," thundered Sir Otto. "There he is. Arrest him."

"Arrest him."

"Arrest him, Jacob Prance," said the scrivener, who liked not the expression of defiance which glanced from the eyes of the merchant, as he stood on the piazza, leaning upon his staff.

"Ramorset," said the merchant, "I advise you to have no more to do with this matter."

"We chill said we shall see!" houstpred the seri-

"We shall see! we shall see!" blustered the scri-vener, very pale and very angry. "See now, Master Stepmore, you have ever delighted in giving me a bad name, called me thief, swindler, rascal, knave,

"And I know not what. Hasn't he, Jacob Prance?"
"Verily he hath," echoed the lean clerk.
"Called me imposter, cheating trickster," continued the scrivener, as if the recital of his grievances gave him courage and pleasure at the same time. "Called me dishonest, unworthy of the countenance of any men but jailors and hangmen. Didn't he, Jacob Prance 2"

Verily he did, Master Aaron."

"Made my name a by-word on 'Change, laughed at me, scoffed at me, pointed at me. Didn't he, Jacob Prance?

Verily he did, and did the same to me," replied the clerk.

the clerk.

"I bore it patiently, Master Stepmore, but I resolved to pay it all back, and now I have a chance I am going to do it," said the scrivener, venomously. "What tale was that you told of me, and made the merchants of London believe t? Said a man left ten thousand golden crowns in my care thirty years or more ago, and when he claimed the money I denied that I had ever seen so much as a farthing of it! Base lie it was."

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farthing of it! Base lie it was."

"It was true, Aaron Ramorset, and you know it well," interrupted the merchant, calmly. "Some day it will be proved, and you will be hanged. But this charge of treason and outlawry, whence is it?"

"No matter whence it is. I have the warrant here, Master Stepmore, and the will, aye, and the power as well as the will, to execute the warrant. So tremble, tremble!" blustered the scrivener, who was amazed that the merchant showed no signs of fear. Indeed, Master Ramorset had confidently extear. Indeed, Master Ramorset had conndently ex-pected that Richard Stepmore would crouch and cringe, and offer to pay to have the arrest deferred for a few days, and had made up his mind to demand and receive a certain sum of gold, and divers jowels which he knew were a part of the great wealth of

But the latter was as calm and unmoved as if Aaron Ramorset and all his bluster were a thomiles away.

"Arrest him, Jacob Prance!" screamed the scrivener, resolved to prove that he was in earnest.
"I'd—I'd rather not," said Prance, who noticed that Sir Otto had drawn aside and was conversing with a simple and terrified rustic whom he had im-paled with the power of his eye. "I would like to see him taken down, Master Aaron, verily I would; but I'd rather see it done than do it, truly.".
"Arrest him, or I'll arrest him myself," screamed

Ramorset.

"Verily he hath a dangerous eye, Master Aaron, and a perilous. Truly, 'tis said he was once a man of war, and given unto swords, spears, and bucklers, Master Aaron!" stammered the clerk, as his cadaverous visage grew very pale and the flaps of his saddle rattled under his trembling knees.

"Get down, I say, Jacob Prance, and arrest him, or I'll have to arrest him myself."
"Yerily, I wish you would, Master Aaron. I'd be pleased to see you do it; upon my word I would,

"If you don't get down, Jacob Prance, and arrest him, I'll arrest you; I'll discharge you." "Oh! no," cried Prance. "Call on all good and loyal Englishmen to aid us."

This remark caused the scrivener to begin to address the tenants, but scarcely had he opened his mouth, when, suspecting his purpose, they, every man of them, except the one impaled by the eye of Sir Otto, clapped their hands to their ears, resolved not to hear a word.

Sir Bertram had already ridden away.

still in sight, but he was spurring hard and fast to-wards the avenue gate, looking neither to the right

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nor to the left, nor behind, but straight on, as if in deserate haste to accomplish some important purpose. Reuben Maybold was near, however, and the scri vener shrieked at him :

vener shrieked at him:

"Come fellow, arrest this man; bind him and deliver him into my hands."

Maybold, however, as he had in his time cut off the head of a queen, had no great fear of royal warrants unless they were addressed to himself, and, eyeing the scrivener askance, growled out:

"Go to the devil!"

"I wish he was here," thought the baffled scrivener. "I'd ask him to arrest Richard Stepmore. Come, Jacob," he added, aloud; "we will both arrest him. Have at him at once, and—and when you have him

down I'll help you."
But Jacob Prance was in no hurry to lay hands on the merchant, for all that the latter was a feeble d man, and emphatically expressed his cheerful willingness to resign the post of honour; so that, after much parley, the two began to advance up the steps side by side, and at this moment Sir Otto made a gesture which drew his Moslems into marching order near him, while he whispered eagerly with Omrah.

The scrivener and his clerk, after another pause. during which Aaron ordered the merchant to kneel down, hold out his hands, and be bound—an invitation and order which the merchant regarded with

silent scorn—appealed to Sir Otto for aid.

But Sir Otto knew that Richard Stepmore had a right to resist arrest, if foreigners should attempt to arrest him, and therefore bade the scrivener do his own work, and quickly. Besides, Sir Otto had learned from the terrified rustic a matter of importance, and was in fewerish haste to depart in pursuit of Adelcia

"We must do it ourselves, Jacob," said the scrivener. "He is old and feeble, and we can easily knock him down. It would be a great pleasure to knock him down, Jacob?"

"Verily it would, Master Aaron," replied the lean and cowardly clerk, as he gazed fearfully up the steps of the piazza, and noticed how calm and haughty was the face of the old merchant, and how his eyes seemed to blaze, flash, and dart fire at him and his

"A bold rush at him now, Jacob, and we shall have m," said the fat scrivener.
"I have a rope ready to bind him," replied the

Then we will at him, Jacob, side by side, shoulder

to shoulder."

Shoulder to shoulder-that's the word," gasped "Shoulder to shoulder—that's the word," gasped Jacob, as they began to ascend again; and at-that moment Sir Otto, who had in his possession the royal warrant to arrest Adelcia Louvaine, rode away rapidly towards the avenue gate, followed by all his Moslems, except Omrah and two others.

Neither the scrivener nor his clerk were aware of this sudden departure of Sir Otto, or they would have betaken themselves to their saddles with the flectness of grazzed area.

of scared apes.

As it was, they continued to ascend the steps of the piazza, near the topmost one of which stood he whom they desired to arrest, leaning upon his staff, and regarding them with flashing eyes.

Having arrived near the topmost step, the scrivener halted, and of course his courageous clerk halted also, and with such precipitation as to prove to all beholders that he imagined his master had halted with the generous intention of giving him all the glory of making the intended arrest

of making the intended arrest.
"What now, master?" asked Jacob, very fearful
that he was already too near the flaming eyes of the

merchant.

"He may resist," whispered the cautious scrivener,
"though I hardly think he will. We must rush on
him from two points. Do you fly boldly at him in
front, while I flank him."

But the merchant here leaned forward, and raising his staff with amazing swiftness, dealt the scrivener a rap upon the head, which hurled him backward down to the base of the steps, which spot was almost simultaneously reached by Jacob Prance with a headlong speed, incited by the staff of the merchant as

it rattled about his ears.

"Rascals!" said Master Stepmore, shaking his staff at the fellows as they scrambled to their feet. Get you gone after your renegade accomplice, Sir

Otto.

Treason! treason! He resists the queen's war "Treason! treason! He resists the queen's warrant!" screamed the scrivener and his clerk; but
perceiving for the first time that Sir Otto Dare and
the greater part of the Moslems were riding away at
full speed, and that Omrah and the two with him
were also moving as if preparing to go away, they
mounted their horses and fled in great haste.

"Where is Sir Bertram?" asked the merchant of
his servants.

his servants.

"He has ridden away," replied one. "Something

told him by yonder man who holds the lady's horse excited him greatly, and Sir Bertram rode away."
"What said you to him?" demanded Master Stepmore of Maybold.

"He asked me of an affray that happened near the ford this morning," replied Maybold. "I told him that a man disguised as a priest had attempted something against Sir Otto Dare, and had been slain. Sir Otto ordered some of his Moslems to bury the body, and I saw them carry it into a grove. So I told Sir Bertram, and he hurried away.

Bertram, and he hurried away."

"Alas!" thought the merchant, "the unfortunate earl failed in his purpose, and has been slain. Away with you, a score or more," he added aloud to the tenants, "and hurry to the grove near the ford, to see what you can do for Sir Bertram."

Many of the tenants, eager to show their zeal in his service, hastened away, while the merchant retired into his house, and was seen no more for some time.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

MEANWHILE Molina Maudstone had entered the apartment of Sir Blaize Thornleigh, whom she found fuming and fretting, as he sat in a great arm-chair, no one came to serve him.

Sir Blaize cried out, as he recognised her:
"You here! Now have all things come to a pretty

pass. Girl, you will ruin all may class. Has Lord Charles seen you? He is in the house——" "Hist!" said Molina, as she carefully closed the door. "Lord Charles is not here."

"Then the knave lied whom I questioned when my senses came back to me. Curse the horse I rode. I am bruised black and blue, and shaken all over, until every joint is a thorn. The knave told me Lord am bruised black and blue, and shaken all over, that every joint is a thorn. The knave told me Lord Charles, Carew, and the others——"
"Peace! You were truly informed," interrupted Molina. "But during last night Lord Charles and

Carew fled from Stepmore Retreat with Adelcia Lou-

vaine."
"What! Did the young villain persuade her so readily, or did he dare to abduct her?"
"That I do not know, Sir Blaize. I know that she "That I do not know, Sir Blaize. I know that she has fled with Lord Charles, that Master Stepmore and Sir Bertram seem to be calm and careless. From what I have been able to learn of late, I am inclined to believe that they confided Adelcia Louvaine to the care of Lord Charles, to prevent her from falling into the power of Sir Otto Dare, who is here."

"My faith!" cried Sir Blaize. "Luck has befriended Lord Charles, a had yo naves in coming hither.

Lord Charles, as he had no purpose in coming hither except to win this same Adelcia Louvaine. But what

"I does not concern me," said Sir Blaize. "But what says Sir Otto?"

"I did not pause to hear. He is before the house with sundry others. There is some excitement, no doubt, for we hear shouting."

"It does not concern me," said Sir Blaize. "But why are you here?"

"To are you."

To see you.

To see m

"Yes, for I heard that you were badly hurt." "So I am. But I mean, why are you in this neigh-bourhood at all? Girl, you are rash; you will ruin my plans. I have discovered that you have conceived a passion for Sir Bertram Stepmore. Fool, do you forget that you are the wife of Lord Charles Gray?"
"Was the marriage a true one, or a mockery, Sir

"Was the marriage a true one, or a mockery, Sir Blaize?" asked Molina, calmly.
"You know that it was a true and legal marriage. He believes that the marriage was a sham, or he never would have gone through the ceremony. I was his agent. He did not suspect, and has never suspected that, he would never have confided to me his plans to win you. Foolish girl, have you no confidence in me?"

Why should I have any confidence in you, when throughout my life I have seen you betraying all who confided in you?" replied Molina, bitterly. "How do I know that you have not sold me to Lord

"Fury seize me!" ejaculated Sir Blaize, in a rage.

"Fury seize me!" ejaculated Sir Blaize, in a rage.
"Why not?" continued Molina. "You have often
sold your plighted honour, as you called it, for gold.
I have heard, and I believe, tkat you sold my mother."
"Bah! I bought her," said Sir Blaize, "and after
you were born she cloped with Duke Lewis of Trenthamdale. I have had a fine scheme to pay him back
by making his son and heir the husband of the daughter of Sir Blaize. Therefore, had a back have the ter of Sir Blaize Thornleigh and the woman he bought. You are the lawful wife of Lord Charles Gray. I From the invital wife of Lord Charles Gray. I brought it about to be revenged on his father, and to make you a duchess. But it is not time to divulge the truth, girl—not while Duke Lewis lives to set the marriage aside. Wait, for Lord Gray grows very impatient to be Duke of Trenthamdale—so impatient that he is ready to put poison into his father's food. Wait, and let him do it; and armed with that power over him, Lord Charles will never dare to dispute the validity of your marriage with him."

"You solemnly assert, then, that I am lawfully weded to Lord Charles."

"I do, and can prove it by Dr. Carew, Reuben Maybold, and others."
"I am very sorry," remarked Molina.
"Sorry! Are you mad? So madly in love with

Sir Bertram that you are sorry that you are already ennobled by right of your marriage to Lord Charles, and sure to be a duchess, if he and you survive his father! You are crazy! Sir Bertram can never care for you. He adores this Adelcia Louvaine. I understand it all. He believes Lord Charles his best and most honourable friend. To guard her, Adelcia, from Sir Otto, he has confided her to the care of Lord Charles—confided the lamb to the wolf!

I must follow the wolf and save the lamb, or the shepherd, Sir Bertram, will kill the wolf, and that same young wolf is my goose, that is to lay for me a

golden egg."

"Listen," said Molins, in a low, deep tone. "Are you sure that Duke Lewis is the rightful Duke of

Trenthamdale?"

What!" exclaimed Sir Blaize, staring at his

"I say are you sure, do you know that the father of Lord Charles Grey is the rightful Duke of Trent-hamdale?" repeated Molina, more impressively than before.

"Heaven! she is crazy! Of course he is; why

"But if it should be proved that he is not—that the rightful duke is somebody else—my being the wife of his son would never make me more than plain Mrs. Molina Gray."

"She is mad," thought Sir Blaize. "Her love for

Sir Bertram has turned her skull into a churn, and is

shr berrain has turned her skull into a churn, and is making villapously poor butter of her brains. Girl, what are you talking about?"
"Listen," said Molina, who had become very cold and stern. "You think I love Sir Bertram Stepmore. I wish I did. I wish I could. I wish I could love

anyone."
"Mad!" thought Sir Blaize, shaking his head.
"Mad as any poor creature in Bedlam. Worse!"
But Molina continued in the same heavy tone, a
tone full of sadness, bitterness, and anger:

"You reared me, father, to believe in nothing but wealth and rank. I remained virtuous only because you taught me to regard all men as beasts of prey, to be kept away only by coldness and pride. I have never loved any man. I can never love any man. At your command I wedded Lord Charles Gray. He thought to possess me by means of a fictitious mar-riage. He was deceived, for the marriage, you say, was real and is valid, and I fear I must believe you. But Lord Charles was disappointed in his purpose, for I had sworn never to live with him as his wife until the time should have arrived to prove to him that I was in fact lawfully wedded to him. He attempted to kiss me, and I treated him as I treated tempted to kiss me, and I treated nim as I treated nim yesterday when he attempted to unveil me. I slapped his face. The blow annoyed him. He turned as pale as if the band of death had smitten him. He glared at me for a moment, and left my presence never to seek it again."

"Yes, you were rash, you were very foolish to strike him," remarked Sir Blaize. "You were too

Violent! Had I not checked him, would he not have been outrageously violent towards me?" re-torted Molina, her cheeks burning red. "I told him before we were wedded that he was not to claim nor to look upon me as his wife until he could show me the written consent of his father to our marriage. He consented, for he imagined the ceremony would be a sham, and that I, believing it valid, would soon yield to his persuasions and authority. He was de-ceived, the proud fop. Violent! Had I not been yield to his persuasions and authority. He was de-ceived, the proud fop. Violent! Had I not been violent he would have despised me now." "Despise you? Hum! He hates you," said Sir Blaize, bluffly. "Aye, he hates, but he does not despise. It does not matter now. I tried to love Sir Bertram Step-

"Oh, you made an effort, did you?"

"Yes, because I desire to be what you wish me to an and what you schemed for me to be—Duchess of Trenthamdale

"She is, of course, mad," muttered Sir Blaize.
"There is neither wit nor reason in her words. You tried to love?"

"Yes, for if any man was ever woman's love, he is. But recently I have learned that Sir Bertram is the devoted lover of Adelcia Louvaine. I do not think he is a man lightly to change his love, nor to love a second time. that I might, in spite of all your heartless training, love him. As it is, I have resolved rather to hate than to love him."

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"May I die," said Sir Blaize, wrathfully, "if I can Why a imagine what all this means. have any desire to love any man; especially this Sir Bertram Stepmore, who, though a knight, is only the son of a tradesman? And why do you ask me of the right of Duke Lewis to be Duke of Trentham-

"I will quickly tell you," replied Molina. long ago I learned what I now relate. The prede long ago I learned what I now relate. The predecessor of the present Duke of Trenthamdale had two sons: Richard by his first wife, and Lewis by his second wife. Of course the elder son, the son of

his second wife. Of course the elder son, the son of the first wife, Richard, was the heir of the title and entailed estates of his father, Duke James—"
"Lord Richard died before his father did," interrupted Sir Blaize, "and of course the son of the second wife, Lewis, became the heir."
"Do not interrupt me," said Molina, sharply.

"Do not interrupt me," said Molina, sharply.

"The mother of Lewis was an ambitious woman, and instilled into the mind of her son a strong desire to become Duke of Trenthamdale. But Richard was robust and healthy, and there was no prospect that he would die before his father, Duke James, though the latter was also hale, vigorous, and full of life. After a time the old man detected that an attempt lead here prode to prices him, but not pountil her had been made to poison him, but not until he narrowly escaped death. About the same time his on Richard avowed that he had also been poisoned, and that a midnight attempt had been made to take his life. Certainly his robust health vanished, and became, to all appearance, a feeble invalid. his stepmother, the duchess, who had wielded un-bounded influence over the mind of the duke at all times, especially after his health began to fail, persuaded the duke that his son Richard had poiscnet him, and that Richard, to avert suspicion from himself, had taken various drugs to cause himself to pre-sent the appearance of being poisoned, as his father was. The mind of the duke had for years resisted the efforts made by his second wife to cause him to dislike his eldest son; but after he was poisoned for undoubtedly he was poisoned—his intellect be-came feeble, and his body almost helpless, so that the art of the evil duchess readily influenced his opinions and thoughts.

opinions and moughts.

"The position of Richard was intolerable. He had ever devotedly loved his father. He had always tenderly loved his half-brother, Lewis, who aways tendenty loved ms. nan-orotaer, Lewis, who had always appeared to return his affection. He had ever respected and greatly esteemed his stepmother, the duchess. He had, also, ever been a warm friend of Jerome Carew, who was a dependent

upon the bounty of the duke.
"But suddenly Richard becomes aware that he is nisoned. poisoned. A fever rages in his blood; his flesh falls away; he becomes racked with incessant pain; he grows cadaverous, emaciated, and at times sensible that a delirium is upon the brain. being a powerful, robust, active, and warlike in the very prime of young manhood he suddenly finds himself as it were a living skeleton—weak

fleshless, inert, tortured.

"Thus with his body, but far worse with his mind; for he discovers that his father has ceased to love him, and suspects that he has attempted to poison him. He discovers that the hand which had attempted to slay him at miduight was the hand of a bravo, Sir Otto Dare, hired to do the deed by his treacherous brother Lewis.

"He discovers that the hand which had poisoned him was that of the ungrateful Jerome Carew, hired to commit the crime by his unserupulous stepmother, the duchess. He becomes appalled; the effects of the poisons he has swallowed deprives him of his high courage. He is terrified, and he flies secretly from

And dies," interrupted Sir Blaze, impatiently.

"You are only repeating a gossip that has been forgotten for years."

"He did not die," replied Molina, firmly. "He

lives yet."
"You are mad, you are mad!"

lives yet."

"You are mad, you are mad:
"I am not mad, Sir Blaze. I say he did not ure.
I say he lives. I say he is in England."

"Lives! In England!" exclaimed Sir Blaze, staring at his daughter wildly. "Where?"

"At Stepmore Retreat. Here. Richard Stepmore
"At Stepmore Roteat. Here. Richard Stepmore and whom I spoke. Richard Stepmore

"Good heavens!" gasped Sir Blaze, grasping the arms of his chair rigidly, and glaring at the speaker.

Is this true, or are you indeed mad?"

It is true. "And how did you discover it? Bah! It is imply impossible. I mean, whatled you to imagine

Sir Blaze asked this question with an evident effort to appear doubtful of the story, but his broad visage was deathly pale. He knew that his daughter was a woman of hard and infexible character, sceptical in all things, unromantic, practical, and shrewd. More

than this, she was daring, cunning, and hard to deceive. He saw that she was cool and calm, and perfectly convinced of the truth of all she had said.

"Sir Blaize, you are well aware that Jerome Carew entertains for me a deep passion."

"Eh? Oh, true; I have suspected it."
"Very well. He is also deep in all your plans as egards making me Duchess of Trenthamdale. His regards making me Duchess of ssion for me is violent, so violent that he has dared to threaten me because I treated his suit with con-

The scoundrel! He knows that you are the wife

of Lord Charles.

It was upon that very knowledge that he formed a low estimate of my character," replied Molina. "And with most women he would have been right in forming so base an estimate. He reasoned thus: She has sold herself to gratify the ambition of her She is intimate with Sir heart to be a duchess. Blaize, and must therefore be a woman of very corrupt principle. Why should I not win her?'

erome Carew, failing to elicit from me anything except contempt, threatened me with his vengeance; and when I laughed at his threats, he used these re-

markable words:

Do not be too confident, Molina Maudstone, that you are to be Duchess of Trenthamdale. Were old Duke Lewis dead, and Lord Charles his successor, pure Lewis dead, and Lord Charles his successor, perhaps one might be found with more right to be duke than he. Richard fled beyond the seas, it is true, and it is said he died in France. Perhaps he did; but whether he did or not, he married before he died, and perhaps left a son. Who knows?"

he died, and perhaps left a son. Who knows?"
"Bah! It was mere conjecture on his part," said

"Bah! It was mere conjecture on his part," said Sir Blaizo, centemptuously.

"I have no doubt now, that what he said was mere suspicion on his part," continued Molina, calmly. "He said it to terrify me. He said it because he had been revolving in his vindictive mind a plot by which he might climb to fortune through the fears of Lord Charles, when the latter should become Duke of Trenthamdale. I read all his plot as I reflected upon his threat afterwards. He is daring and cunning. He is well acquainted with all the history of the duke's family. It is possible for him to find a false heir of Lord Richard, and the attempt would be worthy of his talents for intrigue. But the very possibility that what he threatened might be attempted, aroused my fears lest Lord Richard had tempted, aroused my fears lest Lord Richard had married, and left an heir."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Sir Blaize. "Lord Richard died and was buried at Calais, unmarried, a year

before his father died.

"Wait," continued Molina. "I know that such was the report. I know that the certificates of his was the report. I know that the certificates or his death and burial were forwarded to England, for you have told me that you saw them. I know that it was said, and that it is believed, he was buried at Calais, and that his repentant father, unable to go thither himself sent Lord Lewis and others to erect a monuhimself sent Lord Lewis and others to erect a monu-ment over the grave. And a monument was erected over the grave in which he was said to be buried. But I resolved to go to Calais, and I went. I made my inquiries very secretly and carefully. I found the records of the sexton were the same as the for-warded certificates. But, to be sure, beyond all doubt, I sought out the sexton who had officiated at the supposed interment of Lord Richard. He was very old but his wind was clear and he was very very old, but his mind was clear, and he was very avaricious. I paid him well, and he confessed that the burial was a sham. That Lord Richard had That was all he knew

"But I continued my inquiries in Calais, and finally learned that the physician who had sworn to having been present, and attending upon Lord Richard at his death, had been condemned to the galleys for life for some crime. I discovered him, and found him a degraded fellow, whose spirit was broken by the merited punishment of his crimes. A few pieces of gold made him tell me all he knew. I learned enough from him to trace Lord Richard to Paris, from Paris to England, bearing the name of Salvator, which name he changed on his arrival in England to Stepmore.

"Continuing my search, I at length identified him with Master Richard Stepmore. He had married in Paris, and after the death of his wife, returned to England with his only child, that child none other

than he who is now called Sir Bertram Stepmore," Sir Blaize, pale and breathless, heard all this with terror. For a moment he could not reply, but at length he said: terror.

All this investigation must have cost me much

"Maron Ramorset advanced me all I needed."
"What! The scrivener? Does he know what you have discovered?"
"Need all. Need know it executives. Assets

"Not at all. No one knows it except you. Aaron Ramorset is a silly old man who is in love with me, and who thinks I love him. I needed money to prosecute my investigations, and I knew that Aaron Ramor

set had often cast his eyes lovingly upon me, and that he had much gold. I made him believe that I favoured him. I discovered that he hated Richard Stepmore, and I pretended to join with him in his hate, and told him that if he would advance me money as I needed it, I would ruin Stepmore through his son. No matter what deceit I practised. I succeeded in obtaining all the money I required, and, of course, before I had the least suspicion that Richard Stepmore was the very man whose fate I desired to

And having discovered this, why did you wish

"And having discovered this, why did you wish to love or gain the love of Sir Bertram?"

"Why? Because I desired to be Duchess of Trenthamdale. You had made me the wife, so far as a legal ceremony could make me, of Lord Charles Gray, but Lord Charles Gray is not the rightful heir of the dukedom. Had I found Sir Bertram Stepmore heart-free, I know that I could have won his large area of I helicus I could have been him and love, aye, and I believe I could have loved him, and as his wife have become a happy, contented woman. But he worships the very name of Adelcia Louvaine."

"But you forgot that, even had he been heart-

ee, you could not become his wife legally."
"Why not?"

"Why not! Hear the simpleton!" exclaimed Sir Blaize, testily. "Are you not the lawful wife of Lord Charles?"

"Who can prove it, if you do not see fit to have it proved?"
Sir Blaize shook his head, and said, moodily:

"It might leak out, it might leak out. Some are like water in a basket—sure to leak out. Molina. are like water in a basket—sure to leak out, Molina. It may be that all you have said is true, and that your chance for being Duchess of Trenthamdale would be far better were you the wife of Sir Bertram, but the fact that you were legally married to Lord Charles would ever stare you in the face, and be sure, some time or other, and of course when you least expected it to far its way force and win row.

some time or other, and of course when you least expected it, to fly into your face and ruin you."

"That I know as well as you can tell me," replied Molins, coldly, while her handsome lips grew white and fierce. "But had I found Sir Bertram heart-free, and not so madly in love with Adelcia Louvaine, and had I been able to win his love, as I am sure I could have done, but for his devotion to Adelcia Louvaine, Loud Charles Greav my heabard." "he hand." sure I could nave done, but for his devotation to Acti-cia Louvaine, Lord Charles Gray, my husband," she added, in a deep whisper, while her jet-black eyes flamed like blazing stars, "would now be—dead!" "Good heavens! You would have killed him?" asked Sir Blaize, trembling, and staring at his daugh-

"Yes; I, or you, Sir Blaize."
"I'r roared Sir Blaize, starting to his feet in dismay; but his bruised limbs cried out against such sudden activity, and he sank back into his chair with a groan, and could only stare and tremble.

(To be continued.)

# SCIENCE.

PROPOSED NEW TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION with India.—Two new lines of submarine telegraph between England and India are before the public. One, the British Indian Company, proposes to lay down a heavy cable from Suez to Bombay at a cost of 550,000L; the other, or English, Indian, and Australian Company, proposes to lay a light cable rom Southampton to Gibraltar, and so on by the regular overland route to India and Australia. This also begins by joining Suez and Bombay, and Malta and Brindisi. This light cable is said, by Sir William Thomson, to be of extraordinary strength, and will, if it succeeds, cost less than half the ordinary cables. There ought to be business enough between India, China, Australia, and Europe to support a dozen cables, if only the rates are low, the signallers English, and the clerks careful. At present we enjoy none of those advantages regularly.

NOVEL METHOD OF PRODUCING LIGHT .- Profe Geissler, of Bonn, has been devoting some time to the construction of glass tubes which become luminous when they are rubbed. He writes to the effect that he encloses a spiral tube in a cylindrical tube; he pumps out the air from the former and fills it with dilated gas. By rubbing the external tube with a cat's-skin, the spiral tube at once becomes luminous. The light produced is very sensitive to frictional electricity, as may be seen by appoaching a piece of ebonite, electrified by rubbing it. The learned professor hopes to construct a tube which will become self-luminous by friction of mercury in its interior. In one case he obtained in this way light enough to illuminate a whole room. He says he cannot understand why the light thus produced is more brilliant when the gas inclosed in the tube is still of two mil-limètres pressure than when the vacuum is more per-

THE FORMATION OF PRECIOUS STONES .- On the

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whole the various facts described in Messrs. Sorby and Butler's paper on the structure of cortain minerals seem to show that ruby, sapphire, spinel, and emerald were formed at a moderately high temand emerald were formed at a moderately high tem-perature, under so great a pressure that water might be present in a liquid state. The whole structure of diamond is so peculiar that it can scarcely be looked upon as positive evidence of a high temperature, though not at all opposed to that supposition. The absence of fluid-cavities containing water or a saline solution does not by any means prove that water was entirely absent, because the fact of its becoming enclosed in crystals depends so much on their nature. At the same time the occurrence of fluid-cavities containing what seems to be merely liquid carbonic acid, is scarcely reconcileable with the pre-sence of more than a very little water in either a ce of more than a very little water in eith liquid or gaseous form.

## MARTHA BURBANK.

Ir might have been chance, or it might have been fate, which brought five persons suddenly face to face on the evening of the 5th of December, 18—.
The first who halted was a woman clad in rusty black, and who seemed old and feeble from her man-

back, and who seemed on and record from her man-ner; though her heavy voil of black crape hid her features. She used a crutch and a stout staff, and the ceaseless trembling of her head and frame declared that she was palsied, either with extreme age or long infirmity.

infirmity.

The second was a tall and erect man, grizzly-haired, hard-featured, keen-eyed. He was elegantly clad, as became the owner of the costly mansion before which he paused. Haughty and cruel in face, his gray, heavy moustache added to the forceness of his rapid glauce. This was Olin Wilson.

The third was his son, a young man perhaps twenty-two years of age, singularly like his father in air and feature, except that his countenance betokened a career of precocious debauchery.

The fourth was a young man of medium size, erect, graceful, resolute in form, and of handsome, frank, and manly features. He was well dressed, but with no tinge of flashiness.

no tinge of flashiness. The fifth, whose sn no tinge of flashiness.

The fifth, whose small, exquisitely-shaped hand rested upon the arm of the fourth, was a young lady of surpassing beauty of face and figure. The spotof surpassing beauty of face and figure. The spot-less brilliancy of her complexion was heightened in less bornnancy or ner compression was help and the superb loveliness by her sparkling black eyes and the rich masses of raven-hued curls adorning her beautiful head. This was Olivia Rushton, orphan ward and adopted daughter of Olin Wilson.

The young man upon whose arm she leaned was Richard Haven, her accepted lover, and an architect

of rising fame. As these met, all halted and exchanged glances, except the woman, who began slowly to ascend the

Olin Wilson did not notice nor return the respect-

ful salutation of Richard Haven; but, rudely grasping the furred cloak of Olivia, said, harehly. "Again! Have I not strictly forbidden you ever to speak—yes, even to exchange glances with this person? And you, sir," he continued, fiercely, as he faced Haven, "have I not told you, distinctly, that I deem your attentions to my ward downright insults."

"So long as the lady favours me, I shall give no heed to your authoritative prohibition and base-less enmity, Mr. Wilson," replied the young architect,

iess eninty, and proudly.

"A caning might be of benefit to a puppy like
this," remarked Hubert Wilson, swaggering insolently before the architect, and twirling his bamboo

cane menacingly.

The cane was twisted from his hand, his throat was in the iron grasp of the insulted architect in a twinkling, and he would then and there have received a severe beating but for the prompt interference of

Olin.
"Stop!" cried the latter, arresting the indignant hand of Richard. "Let there be no street brawl before my doors. I may as well end this absurd courtship at once. Follow me into my library, and there I will explain to Richard Haven, once for all, why he can never hope to marry Olivia Rushton."

He turned round abruptly, and hurrying up the stone steps, entered his house, followed by his son and the lovers.
The old woman, little headed by any of them.

The old woman, little heeded by any of them, also entered, and hobbled slowly after the party. When all were in the library, she sat down quietly in a corner; not, however, without attracting the notice of Olin Wilson.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"
The old woman made no reply, but busied herself

with her rosary.

"I say, who are you, woman?" repeated Olin Wilson, striding up to her.

'Are you talking to me, sir?" replied the old wo-

man, shaking her head. "I am very deaf—very deaf.
What did you say, sir?"
"I say who are you?" roared Olin, raising his harsh voice to a high key.
"My name? Oh, my name is Martha Burbank. I was crazy for many years, and——"
"Burbank! Martha Burbank!" muttered Olin

"Burbank! Martha Burbank!" muttered Olin Wilson, growing pale and staring at the old woman, whose whole soul seemed absorbed with her beads.

"Where from?" roared Olin, in her ear.

"From? Oh, I don't know, I may say. I was born and married to Roger Burbank in Exeter. I had a son named Francis Roger Burbank."

"Great heaven!" muttered Olin. "His mother was insane—from a fall from a house twenty-five years after his birth, and I remember that she was deef. What is she here for? I thought she must be deed, where according to the property of the property of the she was the property of the she was the property of the she was the property of the prope years after his birth, and I remember that she was deaf. What is she here for? I thought she must be dead, years ago. Can she have regained her senses, and tracked me. I must see her face. Let me see your face," he cried.

"My face? Oh, see it."
She raised her heavy veil, and laid it sside.
Olin Wilson beheld a thin, time-worn face, wrinkled, sunken, and ghastly pals, so cadverously pallid that it looked like that of a corpse, from which beamed a pair of large, bright blue eyes.

"It is Mrs. Martha Barbank. I never saw that face without a shudder," muttered Olin. "It is his mother. What can she wish from me."

He shouted the question in her ear. "My name is Olin Wilson. Wh What do you seek here?

"My son

here?"

"My son."

"I know nothing of year son. Never heard of him."

"And I am not sure of that, sir," said the old woman. "If I could only find John Carew—"

"John Carew!" thought Olin, trembling. "She seeks John Carew. Seeks him in my house. She has not recognised me. But she may. What has put her upon my track?"

He yelled in her ear:

"I never heard of John Carew."

"No? I do not know. Men are so wicked. I think you are John Carew."

"Oh! year are crazy. What do you want with John Carew?"

"I dreamed he killed my son Francis, returned to England, managed to get hold of all my son's property and of his son, and of his daughter—the mether died of grief—when John Carew came back from India with the bod news, you see, and then he disappeared with the boy and girl."

"You dreamed all that, eh?" snarled Olin, with a fierce glare in his eyes. "And you dreamed that Olin Wilson was John Carew, no doubt. Suppose he was—what then?"

"I have papers with me to have him arrested, and to-morrow! I am to meet a man who says he knows."

"I have papers with me to have him arrested, and to-morrow I am to meet a man who says he knows that Olin Wilson is John Carew. I have all the papers to prove everything. I am very tired."
"Rest yourself," said Olin, tartly, and muttering as he gazed at her. "She has papers proving everything, eh! Where did she get them? Papers for the arrest of John Carew! How did she discover that John Carew ever did anything to be arrested." the arrest of John Carew! How did she discover that John Carew ever did anything to be arrested for? To see a man to-morrow! Crazy idiot! How did she hunt me down? But I will see that she does not batch evil against me. She shall not leave this house alive. Crazy or sane, she is dangerous. Strange that nothing has occurred to alarm me since I left England, eighteen years ago, and now two alarming facts warn me of imminent danger. One, that this old woman, the mother of the man whom I slew in the imples of India, is on my track; and the slew in the jungles of India, is on my track; and the other—well, I will attend to that at once, as far as I can to-night.

He returned to the centre of the library, where his son was seated—though the lovers remained stand-

ing.
"Olivia Rushton," he said, abruptly, "do you love

this young man?"
"Why ask what it is not maidenly in me to answ truthfully?" she demanded in return, blushing deeply.
"But I am not ashamed to say that I do love Richard
Haven," she continued, proudly, placing her hand in

"And why should we not love each other?" asked Richard, as his steady eyes flashed scorn and de-flance into the faces of father and son. "I do not

ask a fortune with her."
"If you did, she could not show a shilling, unless I gave it to her, as I have given her everything," snarled Olin in a bitter tone. "And what would you

sharied on in a bitter tone. And wast would you have been but for my bounty, sir?"

"I! But for your bounty!" exclaimed Richard.

"Yes; what would you have been but for my bounty, Richard Haven?" repeated Olin, sharply.

"You do not understand? I will make you understand. Do you know anything of your parents? Do you know even their name? Have you not always had an unknown friend?"

"True, I know nothing of my origin, sir—more shame to my parents, if they abandoned me in my helpless infancy."

"And more praise, too, to the one who guarded you in that friendless childhood, placed you at school, paid all your bills, board, clothing, tuition—and when you showed a talent for architecture gave you sable masters, saw that every assistance was rendered you, and when you attained your majority placed a fair sum at your disposal, that you might not battle empty-handed with the world."

This was rapidly spoken, in a tone bitterly re-proachful, and Richard Haven listened attentively

prosentil, and recent unveil and evidently in great surprise.

"I admit that all which you have stated is true," he said, "and I am deeply grateful to James Clair for his noble generosity towards me; yet that gives Olin Wilson no right to threaten me with anything unworthy.

"Have you ever seen this unknown benefactor, this James Clair, Richard Haven?"

"No, sir, I have not." "No, sir, I have not."

"I am your unknown friend. I am James Clair," cried Olin Wilson, sharply. "It was I who sheltered you when you were east upon the world, and what is my reward? For years, young man, I have fixed my heart upon the union of my son Habert and Olivia. Now you, thankless, thwart my plans, and bl-st my hopes. Is this noble? Is this kind?"
Richard Haven was very pale, but amazement held him silent. He glanced uneasily from face to face, and was about to speak, when a gesture from the old woman bound his tongue.

woman bound his tongue.

No one noticed that rapid gesture except Richard.
The bright blue eyes of the old woman were beaming like stars, and their steady gaze was fixed upon Richard's face.

"Listen, Richard Haven. Some eighteen years ago—you were soarcely four years old then, and your sister a mere infant—"
"My sister Had I ever a sister!" interrupted

Richard

my asset.
Richard.

"Wait. Yes, you had a sister, and eighteen years ago, you and that sister were left orphans, penniless and friendless, upon the world. I pitied your condition. I placed you in a boarding-school, where you remained many years. I, under the name of James Clair, cared for you as I have just stated—now behold my reward."

"And my sister? What became of my sister?" eagerly asked the architect.

"She lived: she lives now. Do you wish to see her?" demanded Olin Wilson, a cruel smile bristling his heavy gray moustache.

his heavy gray moustache.

"Yes; I wish to see her."

"Behold your sister in Olivis Rushton!" cried Olin, shaking his finger at the astonished pair.

"This is your sister! Now, sir, will you woo a wife here or elsewhere?"

For a moment all was silence. At length Richard

spoke.

"If she be my sister, and that is yet to be made plain to me, more plain than your mere assertion can make it, then, of course, we are no longer lovers. can make it, then, of course, we are no longer lovers. But if she be my sister, as you say, then you have no right to say 'hold!' when I take her in my arms, thus; press my lips to hers, thus; and dare any man show better right than I to avow that she shall never be the wife of Hubert Wilson!"

His action was so prompt, his air so bold, that Olin Wilson recoiled in chagrin.

His action was so prompt, his air so bold, that Olin Wilson recoiled in chagrin.

"And why not my wife?" demanded Hubert Wilson, fiercely, and maddened at the sight of Olivia in the arms of Richard.

"No sister of mine shall ever marry a man whom she detests," replied Richard, with his strong arm still around the slender waist of Olivia.

"Shameless! ungrateful!" cried Olin, as he leaned over the table. "I can here prove to you that Olivia is your sister. You see that old deaf imbecile in that corner? You heard what she said a few minutes ago? Very well. There was such a person as John Carew. I knew him well, though it is many years since he died. That I can easily prove when mecessary. This old woman, in her semi-insanity, thinks that I am John Carew, of Exeter. Let her think so—why not? It cannot harm Olin Wilson. Come, let us approach her. She will tell you that think so—why not? It cannot harm Olin Wilson. Come, let us approach her. She will tell you that which may open your eyes." But there was no need to advance to the old woman. She had arisen and was hobbling to the

centre table.

"I cannot see them, neither can I hear," she croaked, as she leaned on her crutch near the table.
"You have all been talking of the stars, and I have not heard a word.

"No! Not of the stars, Mrs. Burbank, but of John Carew," said Olin.
"Oh! Are you not John Carew?" demanded the feeble-minded old woman, staring vacantly.



THE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK.

Yes, I know my son Francis is dead

"I mean John Carew is dead!" yelled Olin.
"Is he? I am sorry for that. I wanted to ask him if my dream were true," muttered the old woman,

sighing deeply.
"What did you dream?"
"Can you tell me if my dream were true, sir?" "I do not know about that; but relate to us the

Wait until I think. Ah! well, it is so many years ago. I was insane, they say, in Exeter, when my son went to India with John Carew, his cousin, for whom he had done much. John Carew was poor, and my son was rich, so he befriended John Carew always. Are the stars shining?"
"Yes. But go on with the dream!" shouted Olin,

impatiently.

If the stars were not shining I could not talk.

They went to India. My son left his wife, son and daughter in Exeter. Oh! the dream. Well, my son never came back. The dream? Wait. Before my son went to India he tattoed a cross and chain near the left wrist of his little son Frank—"

"Bare your left arm, Richard Haven," said Olin.

The young man did so, and there, faintly visible

was the tattoed cross and chain.

"So," sneered Olin, "you are this old woman's graudson. John Carew told me, just before he died, that your father's name was Burbank."

"On the loft arm of his baby daughter, near the arm-pit," resumed the deaf old lady, "my son tattod a heart with a star in it. Are the stars shining?" "There is such a mark under your arm, Olivia," said Oliu, sharply. "Now, will you marry your brother?"

He sneered in triumph as he marked the pale faces and downcast eyes of the heart-stricken lovers, who

beheld themselves indubitably proved to be brother and sister.

But the deaf old woman went on rapidly:
"The dream! I must tell the dream
"Never mind the dream," said Olin.

" We have

heard enough—"
"No, no! I must tell the dream!" screamed the old woman, grasping Olin's sleeve, and clinging to it. "When I regained my reason, such as it is, I returned to my son's house. It was his no longer. Strangers lived in it; strangers who told me that my son had died in India; that my son's wife died som after John Carew brought the bad news; that John Carew, as guardian and nearest of kin, had sold all my dead son's great property—the lands, the farms, the houses the stocks, the ships, all—and gone away with the children. Gone where, nobody knew—nobody cared. I sat down upon the grassy mound where they told me that my son and his dear wife used to play with their children at evening, and there I dreamed. I know the stars are shining, because I talk so well, eh?"

"Enough! We do not wish to hear any more!"

roared Olin, shrinking from the pale face.
"You must! I will! There on that green grassy mound where my dear children used to be so happy, and where my dear children used to be so happy, and where, they say, John Carew loved my son's wife in vain—then I dreamed. I dreamt that John Carew and Francis were hunting alone in an Indian jungle—hunting Bengal tigers—ah, if my dream be true, Francis Burbank had a tiger near him all the time in John Carew—a sly, cruel, treacherous tiger, eager to lap his blood. Do the stars shine? In my eagor to lap his blood. Do the stars shine? In my dream it was near noon, and all that morning John Carew had desired to put a rifle ball through my son's head. But it is hard to slay a man in cold blood. One must be a great fiend to do that deed. But in my dream John Carew did that deed. Twenty times he aimed his rifle at Francis as he walked be-

hind him, and as often his heart failed him. In my dream there was a Hindoo Thug who had followed the hunters for a chance to strangle one or both. I will tell you what I dreamed of that Thug or assassin presently—"
"Woman! I am tired of this!" yelled Olin, yet failing to twitch away his imprisoned aleeve.
"And I say the stars are shining," persisted the old woman, sharply. "I dreamed that John Carew and Francis sat down near a pool to eat and drink. Then I saw John Carew nand steal behind my unsuppecting son, for the brandy John Carew had swalpecting the start of the brandy John Carew had swalpecting the start of t

Then I saw John Carew run and steal behind my unsuspecting son, for the brandy John Carew had swallowed made him bold in crime as brandy often does. He crept behind him, raised his heavy rifle and dashed it with all his might down upon the head of my son."

"Enough! You are crazy!" reared Olin, tugging feebly to release his sleeve. Feebly, because he felt weak and ill, and the great drops of sweat trembling on his forehead seemed like drops of Burbank's murdered blood, scattered there to let all the world know that Olin Wilson was John Carew!

dered blood, scattered there to let all the world know that Olin Wilson was John Carew!
"You must listen! The stars are very bright tonight," screamed the old woman. "In my dream down fell my poor boy upon his face, as if dead, and John Carew struck him twice again. How pale and still lay my son in the jungle! How pale and murderous stood John Carew! There he plundered his victim. Then he field to return to the camp to tell how Thugs had attacked him and slain Francis Burbank. As he field a Thung did attack him.

nk. As he fled a Thug did attack him."
"Ah!" cried Olin, "this is no dream, or it is the dream of a witch.

"AT Creed Ons, dream of a witch."

"A Thug attacked him, but John Carew beat the Thug to the ground and stamped on him. John Carew reached the British camp and gave an alarm. Then back went a hundred brave men to avenge Major Francis Burbank. But they found only his blood—some beast of the jungle had carried off the body!"

"My poor, poor father!" sobbed Olivia, burying her beautiful face in the bosom of her brother.

"Mrs. Burbank," said Olin, "you need say no more. The hour is very late, and you had better remain here to-night."

"I intend to remain here to-night, for the stars are shining!" screeched the old lady. "I want to find John Carew—oh, he is dead! Well, I want to

are shining !" screeched the old lady. "I want to find John Carew—oh, he is dead! Well, I want to find little Frank and the daughter—I think my son had named her Lilian. You see they were not really brother and sister—" brother and sister-

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"Silence!" yelled Olin. "Get to bed. Herering the bell for the servants."
"Yes, ring the bell for the servants," screamed
the old woman, snatching at a handbell and ringing
it as if for a wager, while she exclaimed at the top
of her wise.

"Call the servants, hi! di! The cook and the maid, and the man with the spade, the bootblack and the butler, and the footman and the hostler! Hi! Call all !"

This clamour soon filled the library with the numerous domestics of the mansion, and as Olin Wilson seemed speechless with surprise, no one said

whison seemed spectness with surprise, no one sau anything as the mad old woman cried out:

"The stars are shining! No, the boy was the son of my son's wife by her first husband, Francis La Grange, and you, Richard Haven, are Francis La Grange, that son of my daughter-in-law's first husorange, that so not my ungitter-in-law's area this-band; and you, Olivia, are Lillian Burbank; so there is not the slightest blood relationship between you, and you may marry as soon as you like. And I dreamed that my son was rescued from death by the Thugs; they captured him, and held him for nearly eighteen years in the dreadful jungles of India. At last he escaped, and hunted down John Carew, and my dream became true—for I am not Martha Burbank, but her son, Major Francis Roger Burbank, whom you, John Carew, tried to murder in the wilds of you, John ( Hindostan!'

As the speaker uttered these words the dingy wo-man's garb and bonnet were thrown off, and a slender but athletic man was revealed, clad in the scarlet and gold uniform of a major.

He drew his sword and advanced threateningly towards John Carew; but the latter gasped, reeled and fell headlong, torrents of blood pouring from his

"All is true," he gasped. "All true! All that I have belongs to Major Burbank. My punishment comes from the hand of the Almighty!"

He lingered awhile and died.

His worthless son fled, and soon sank under a continued course of dissipation.

Major Burbank, having cleansed his painted face, appeared as a thin-visaged, bronzed, but handsome man. He made no opposition to, but encouraged the union of the young architect, his step-son, with his beautiful daughter, to whom, when he died, he be-

dueathed all his large property.

Thus the architect and his beauteous wife were blessed with fortune as with love.

W. H. P.

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[THE COWARD BLOW.]

# BLACK KNIGHT'S CHALLENGE.

BY THE Author of " Florian," " Cordelia's Fortune, &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XI.

It had been marked by all who had witnessed the acene, that the accusers had not spoken like men who had faith in themselves. There had been a besiwho had fain in themselves. There had been a hear-tancy, a trembling, and a blanching of the lips, such as might be expected in those who invoked a blessing, feeling assured that a curse would come instead

But the die had been cast, and the hour fixed for the combat was the tenth hour of that self-same day; and the heralds were instructed to make proclams tion thereof throughout the camp.

Said Robert, Count of Flanders:
"Be sure our noble prince will vindicate himself right gallantly."
But the other Robert—he of Normandy—shook his

head with doubt:

"Heaven's will be done! but I fear me the prince is not equal to the combat. He has been very ill, and he is not yet strong. If he overcomes the first adversary, he shall fight no more."

resary, he shall fight no more."

Tancred, Prince of Otranto, a knight whose single arm was good against a full squadron of Turks, could not believe that the gallant Frank ever entertained a thought of treason against the interests of the Christian army. The very idea was to him preposterous; and yet he doubted if Hugh would maintain himself against the knight of Grillon.

"My dear brother," he said, holding our hero by the hand, "will you not let me take your place? If you will consent, and your enemies will consent, I will meet the three at one and the same time. Aye, I'll meet them, and I'll smite their perjured tongues to silence for ever after? Good Hugh, I fear me thou art not fit for this joust. Thy face shows full well that dire sickness hath been upon thee."

Hugh de Vermandois thanked the noble-hearted Italian with moistened eyes; but he would not accept

Hugh de Vermandois thanked the noble-hearted Italian with moistened eyes; but he would not accept the proffered assistance.

"To tell the truth, Tancred, I am weaker than I thought; but I am not so weak that Guiscard de Grillon can hold a lance firmly against me. Fear not, my brother, heaven will not forsake the right. But tell me, what hast thou heard of this abominable evidence that hath been trumped up against me? Upon my soul, it was all new to me when I heard it

THE COWARD BLOW.]
this day. Be candid, good Tancred, and tell me all thou knowest."
And thereupon the Prince of Otranto told Hugh the things which he had heard, many of them surprising de Vermandois beyond measure. The conversation was long and earnest, and at the close Hugh took the Italian by the hand, saying unto him:
"Tancred, would to heaven I were at liberty to expose this whole thing to thine understanding; but I am not. Were I alone interested, I could speak; but I am serving another—one who looks to me alone of all the world for succour and support. If I fall, I shall fall in the service of a friend; and when fall, I shall fall in the service of a friend; and when the truth is known thou shalt say that Hugh de Vermandois did most sacredly maintain his knightly

duty."
Hugh walked slowly and thoughtfully towards his tent, a new trouble having come upon him from the speech of Tancred. Upon entering the outer apartment of his pavilion he found no one there, and without waiting for his page, he laid off his surcoat and hauberk, and passed on to the inner apartment. where he slept, and where he received his brother chiefs for private converse. The partition between the main pavilion and this sanctum was four-fold, consisting of two double sets of heavy damask curtains.

As he entered the last-mentioned apartment on the present occasion, he found his page there, engaged in arranging various articles upon the ebony sideboard. Upon this board were the knight's minor dressing implements, his metallic mirror, and several

dressing implements, his metallic mirror, and several flasks of wine which he had brought with him from Constantinople, and which he had ordered to be brought out for use on the present occasion.

brought out for use on the present occasion.

"Roland, what doest thou here?"

"I came to bring the wine as you bade me, my lord," answered the page.

He was a comely lad, bright and intelligent; but possessing a sharp, restless eye, which his master never quite liked. On the present occasion he trembled excessively, and dared not meet his lord's gaze, hanging down his head, and casting anxious glances towards the heavy arras, as though he wished he were far away.

glances towards the heavy arras, as though he wished he were far away.

"And how long hast thou been engaged in that simple work, boy? Roland! by my life, thou hast been doing some evil."

As the knight thus spoke he moved towards the sideboard, and observed one of the flasks with its stopper started. The boy saw his movement, and saw him place his hand upon the broken flask; whereupon he cried out, beseechingly:

"Oh! pardon, my good lord! I swear to thee I drank but a single drop. I know it was wrong, very

wrong; but I thought not of the evil until I had done the deed. My father used to give me wine, and I loved it; and when I saw that—"

"Never mind," broke in the knight, impatiently.
"I will pardon thee this once, Roland; and hereafter, when thy thirst is strong, and thou cravest a draught of light wine, come to me boldly, and ask for it; but never play the thief again. It is a small offence; but these habits are apt to grow with one's growth, if not nipped in the bud. Go, now, and send St. Valery to me."

St. Valery to me."

The page huried away, and ere long the esquire made his appearance, wearing a cloud of deep auxiety upon his brow.

made his appearance, wearing a cloud of deep auxiesty upon his brow.

"Walter, thou art gloomy."

"Aye, my lord, thou speakest truly. A deeper gloom never found seat upon my heart. Thou art not fit for this ordeal thou hast invited."

"Pshaw! If that rests heavily upon thy mind, then, I pray thee, cast it off; for I do assure thee that I am strong and well. At all events, I am strong enough for the work before me. Let that pass, good Walter, and lend me thine ear upon another matter. Art thou ready to listen?"

"I am all attention, my lord."

"Walter, I have been conversing with Tancred, and he hath told me things that not only surprised me, but which gave me pain and unrest. I asked him to tell me what things he had heard of evidence against me; whereupon he told me of circumstances which I had supposed were known only to you and myself."

which I had supposed were known only to you and myself."

"My lord!"

"I have spoken, Walter. Tancred was in possession of information which should never have been known outside of my own tent."

"Do you know where he obtained it, my lord?"

"I judged, from the manner of his speech, that he obtained it of my enemies."

"My lord," spoke Walter, trembling with emotion, and giving token of deepest pain, "have you entertained a suspicion against me?—against your own Walter?"

"Oh, good heavens! no, no, no," cried the prince.

"Oh, good heavens! no, no, no," cried the prince, all his suspicions vanishing the instant he met the tearful, agonised look of his friend. "I could not suspect you, Walter; and yet, what can I think? How came Guiscard de Grillon to know so precisely my most secret movement?"

St. Valery drew a light stool near to his master's side, and having gone to see that no one lurked near the array has returned and set down.

the arras, he returned and sat down.

"My lord," he said, in a low and careful tone,
"since these things are known, it is very evident

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that there has been treachery in your own quarter; and not only so, but ears have heard which had no business to hear. What think you of Roland?" "Of my page?" replied Hugh, with a start.

"Walter, what of him?"

"Indeed, my lord, I cannot yet say; but I do much outh him. Whence came he?"

doubt him.

The prince gazed into his esquire's face, at first with a blank expression, but with a light gradually breaking over his bold, frank countenance. "He was the Lady Gertrude's page," he said, after pause, and still reflecting as he continued, half to

self-"he was Gertrude's page, and came with "I think," added Walter, "a lad of her father's 'I think,"

selection.

Very likely." "Have you ever marked a resemblance between the boy and Guiscard de Grillon?
"Ha!"

Hugh was startled. He never had thought of such

a thing, but it appeared to him now.
"Is not Roland of the house of Grillon?" the

esquire continued, in a whisper.

"By my faith, he is!" cried Hugh, emiting his fist upon his thigh. "How could I have been so forgetful? And yet there is no wonder, for it was of no particular interest to me when I heard it, and I did ot lay it up in my memory. But it comes back to ne now. I remember that at Philip's court, one me now. evening when a few of us had remained late, this circumstance transpired: The king had observed Gercircumstance transpired: The king had observed Ger-trude's page, and had taken a liking to him; and en this evening in a half-playful manner, but yet will-ing to abide by his offer, he saked the princessif she would not give Roland up to him; whereupon Ger-trude answered that the lad was of gentle binth, and had been given into her charge that he might be trained up to arms, and, at a proper time, be admitted to the estate of an esquire. And when the king asked her of what house he came, she answered, 'De Grillon!'" De Grillon!

"Then," said Walter, in a tone of relief, and with much concern, "we may be assured that the boy is the traitor. I now can understand many things that have heretofore appeared strange to me. I can now comprehend why the lad has evinced so much interest when De Grillon's name has been mentioned and I can swear, too, that I have not been mistaken, when I have fancied that his brow lowered and his eyes gleamed 'windictively, when I have denounced Raymond's captain as a false and treacherous knight."

The prince arose and took a few turns up and down

the open space, and when he stopped there was some-thing like a smile upon his face. He laid his hand

upon his esquire's arm, and said:

"As yet, Walter, there may have been no great harm done, and this discovery has given me joy, rather than pain; for it has opened to my knowledge that thou, my dear brother, art true and faithful. that thou, my dear brother, art true and faithful. So let us for the present pass it by, with the understanding that henceforth the young traitor is to be watched. That he is in De Grillon's service secretly, I am fully persuaded; and when we can bring the deed home to him, there shall be such reckoning as is meet. So much for Roland. And now, my Walter, I would have you look to my armour. Time flies, and the trumpet of the herald will ere long call us to the lists."

While Walter went to look to the armour. Hugh

While Walter went to look to the armour, Hugh sat down at his little table, and having produced a piece of fine veilum, he brought forth pen and ink, and prepared to write. Writing was not in those days, a necessary accomplishment for a knight; and many a brave and gallant noble, belted and spurred by the hand of royalty—aye, many a ruler over castles and cities—knew of writing but barely suffi-cient to enable him to put his monogram to the official documents and epistolary correspondence which some

monkish clerk had prepared.

But Hugh de Vermandois, like Stephen of Blois and Chartres, was a man of letters, as well as a man of war. The many knights who knew nothing of reading and writing were able to point to the noble and wealthy Count de Blois, and show that the lover of letters was not a lover of battles; for it was true that Stephen was often timid in the midst of conflict, and was but a poor captain. But such could not be said of Hugh; a true lover of polite literature, he was the very bravest among the brave; and in battle his presence was worth a thousand stout men led by

Hugh sat down and wrote upon the vellum. riugh and down and wrote upon the Vellum. He wrote carefully and slowly, ever and anon holding back his pen for reflection. Finally, the work was done; and when the prince had read what he had written, he attached his signature in full, after which the missive was folded and securely bound with a silken cord. Then he called for a candle, and when this had been brought, he melted a piece of wax, with

which he sealed the packet wherever the turns of the cord crossed each other.

When Walter next entered the inner tent, the

prince handed to him the sealed missive.

"Good Walter, we may not be too sure of what the Father in heaven will do; and since I realise that I am a child in His Almighty hands, and that he may do with me as seemeth to him best, I have thought may do with me as seemeth to him best, I have thought fit to put in writing those few things which at pre-sent rest alone within my knowledge, and which I am not now at this rty to divulge—the very few cir-cumstances of all the life I have lived which are not open to the investigation of the whole world. They are written here, Walter, and into your hands I give If it please heaven to take me from the work holy crusade—"

"My master, in heaven's name, give it not to me!"
"How, Walter, would you that another should serve me in this?"

"No, no—sh, no! You mistake me, Sir Hugh. I mean that you shall not go into the lists this day. This very emotion, which bids you make preparation for death, shows to me that you are not yourself. Thou are not the warrior chief; but thou are a

self. Thou art not the warrior chief; but thou art as an sich and faint from—".

"Tush! Ye geds! and thinkest thou that this good right arm bath forgotten its cunning? To, I awar to thee by the heaven above me, that he full hour I can bear myself as stoutly as ever. But, Walter, the business is of graws importance; and we know not what accident may transpire. Who can tall that my own house may not faint, all, and crush me to death? Take the packet, and keep it sacredly. If I fall, you will retain it until my body has been consigned to its mother earth, and then you will give it to Duke Robert of Normandy, for him and Tancred to open and read at their pleasure. You will observe that, it is addressed to hoth; but as Robert is my countryman, let him take precedence. If you love me, speak not another word of objection. It only gives me pain."

leve me, speak not another word of objection. It only gives me pain."

Watter took the missive, and put, it away in his becom; and it rested there a painful, heavy burdens. Had it been his master's death-warrant, he could not have shuddered more when he felt it pressing against

his heart.

Hark! the herald of Godfrey de Bouillon blows a blast that startles the camp from every thought and purpose of rest; and ere long armed knights begin ther upon the tilting ground.

to gather upon the tilling ground.

A knight, armed csp-à-pis, and mounted upon a powerful coal-black stallion, rides up to the entrance of the tent of the Prince de Vermandois. Presently the prince came forth, and demanded to know what knight had thus come, without device upon his shield as creat your his beit. or crest upon his helm.

The knight raised his visor, and Hugh beheld the honest face of Robert of Normandy. "My brother," said the duke, "thou didst refuse the offer of our noble Tancred; but, I pray thee, re-

fuse not mine. Let me take up this cause. The chiefs are all willing—every man of them." Hugh de Vermandois took the hand of his noble

Hugh de Vermandois took the hand of his noble friend, and pressed it to his lips.

"Hobert, heaven will bluss thee for thy love in this dark hour; but I cannot accept thine offer. Hush, say no more! 'ome in and pledge me in the sacramental cup, and then to the lists."

Robert of Normandy dismounted and followed the

prince into the sanctum, where the latter produced the sacred cup—a silver goblet which the Pope had blessed, and dedicated to sacramental use—having filled it from the open flask upon the board, the both drank, with benedictions upon their lips. As chanced that the duke was somewhat athirst, and as the wine pleased him much, he set aside the sacramental cup, and filled a large goblet from the flask, which he emptied with grateful appetite. When the northern knight had thus quenched his

thirst, they passed out into the court, where Walter had led up his master's horse; and shortly after-

wards they were on their way to the lists.

"Tell me, Hugh—oh, tell me truly! dost thou feel equal to this work?"

"Aye, my good right arm was never stronger!"

So answered the prince to Robert's earnest ques-tion; but, even as he spoke, a cold hand seemed laid upon his heart, and to himself he said:

"Would to heaven this illness were farther re-moved!"

# CHAPTER XII.

THE list of the Christian camp before Nice, set The list of the Christian camp before Nice, set apart for military exercise and sports, was one hundred full yards in width, by a hundred and forty yards in length. It was surrounded on all sides by a barrier of palisades, through which were three entrances, guarded by hinged gates; one upon the side where the high platform was raised, upon which the Master and his associates sat, and where were also seats for such gentle dames and maidens as chose to attend; and one at each end, guarded by sentinels, where the combatants entered. And at

sentinels, where the combatants entered. And at each end of the list, too, just outside the barrier, was a small tent, communicating with the list by a wicket. As the dial announced that the tenth hour of the day had arrived, the herald made prochamation of the battle and its cause. In the quaint wording of the chivalric language of the time, he announced that Hugh, Prince of Vermandois, having been accused the high commend traceum with a collection. of the high crime of treason by the noble knights, Guiscard de Grillon, Peter of Bourbon, and Arnold de la Marche, and not feeling himself at liberty, in bonom, to expose those circumstances which would prove his innocence, did offer his body to the judg-ment of heaven; and he would then and there meet in battle such one of his accusers as chose to offer

in battle such one of his accusers as chose to offer himself to the proof.

Then came another blast of the trumpet, and the herald proclaimed that by the laws of chivalry, made to protect the weak against the strong, a churchman against a warrior, and age against youthful vigour, either at the parties had the right of a sulco. A substitute would be accepted, and the knight so offering himself for the party accused, or for the party accusing, should be held in all respects as maintaining the cause as truly and justly as though the responsible knight were in the field.

A long silence followed this announcement, during

sille knight were in the field.

A long silence followed this announcement, during which many eyes were turned auxiously towards the tent, or pavilion, occupied by the Prince de Vermandois. But no advantage was likely to be taken of the privilege, and ere long the trumpet awoke the air with another blast, and directly Hugh de Vermandois, accompanied by his esquire, rode forth from his pavilion, and having reached the tent in front of the Master's dais, he raised his visor and bowed his head.

"My lord," he said, "I am ready for the judgment, and before heaven and man I proclaim my cause honourable and just. I have one favour to crave. Make all possible hasts, I beseech you. Let no heedless exemency delay the more important matter."

"By my soul!" cried the Prince of Otranto, as Rugh lowered his visor and turned away, "I like not the looks of that face. Did you mark how pale it was?"

it was?

it was?"
"Yes," answered Godfrey, "I marked it well.
Surely the prince is ill."
"Ill and foolish," added Tancred. "He should have accepted the sales."

At this point the conversation was stopped by the appearance of the three accusers, who made an announcement similar to that which Hugh had made. "Guiscard de Grillon," spoke Tancred, who had been selected as one of the umpires for the occasion, "thou ridest the first tilt?"

"I do, my lord prince."
"I do, my lord prince."
"Then mark me. It is well known to us all that
the Prince of Vermandois hath lately been very ill.
In sorrow I declare that thine oath doth not require thee to regard that accident in the onset; but I tell thee that thou shalt take no advantage in the fall. Mark well the truncheon of the Master, and strike no blow after it shall have fallen. If thou shalt so much as grip a limb of thine adversary in temper, after a truce hath been sounded, thou shalt meet Tancred of Otranto in that hour!"

With a muttering of honourable intent, De Grillon and his companions rode away, the latter retiring from the list, while the former took his station at the end opposite that which Hugh had taken.

The herald then made the final preclamation. The

The herald then made the final proclamation. The combatants might continue the conflict on horseback until three lances had been broken, unless one of them should be unhorsed before. Then the fight should be with axes to the end, unless one of them should prefer the sword, in which case the other should throw down the heavier weapon, and take the lighter. The dagger was not to be used under any circumstances, nor should one strike a blow while the other was lower down than upon his knees.

"Herald, sound the charge! And may heave

protect the right!

Hugh grasped his lance, bearing the point directly between his horse's ears, and as the last blast came cracking upon the air he touched the rowel lightly, and the eager steed, well used to the work, darted and the eager steet, well used to the work, darted forth like a bolt. Near the centre of the list the com-batants met, and both lances were so shaken as to be useless, that of De Grillon having come in con-tact with the edge of the other's buckler, while Hugh's shaft had been shivered upon his adversary's shoulder, loosening the upper vambrace, so that it hung by only one rivet.

By the mass!" cried Tancred, turning to Robert of Normandy, who had taken a seat by his side. "Our

good Hugh rode that bout right stoutly."
"Aye, that he did," returned the duke. tained his favourite stroke; and if De Grillon's vambrace had not given way, the captain would have been unhorsed. I look to see the prince take his at

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doughty captain will go to the ground. Heav antagonist's helm the next time: and if he does, the

doughty captain will go to the ground. Heaven save the right!"

Tancred had turned his gaze upon the list, when something which he had seen in his companion's face caused him to look again.

"How now, good Robert? By my soul, thou art pale, and thine eye lacks its wonded fire?"

"I know not what it is, Tancred." replied Robert, shaking himself. "A sudden sickness hath come upon me—a sort of dimness of the vision, and a dizziness; but I think it will soon pass away. Ha, see! Hugh raises his visor for air. I like not that."

The charge was sounded again, and this time Hugh de Vermandois, with one mighty effort, summoning every atom of strength remaining, couched his lance for the final onset; for he knew that he could not ride another. He had become so ill that his stomach rebelled; and it required almost superhuman effort to prevent his head swimming. With the first reverberation of the final call he plied the rowal more mach received; and it required amost supernuman effort to preven this head swimming. With the first reverberation of the final call he plied the rowel move deeply than before, and the powerful steed bounded forth with a wild, defiant sport. Ha! De Grillon surely thought that his antago-

nist had his eye upon that expected shoulder, and to the protection of that he gave his buckler, for he had not repaired the broken plate, and a wound there would paralyze his sword-arm. But he reckoned would paralyze his sword-arm. But he reconed without his host. His own lance had touched the opposing buckler, and he had closed the fingers of his left hand more firmly upon the becket of his shield, when, like a flash, a bright point swept before his eyes. It all came in an instant—the flash, the instinct eyes. It all came in an instant—the final, the instinct of avoiding some unseen danger, and the sinck of the meeting horses—a shock that shock the very earth, whirling up a cloud of dust, that for a time concealed the combatants from view.

"Ffaith!" cried Tancred, leaping to his feet, "one of them is unhorsed."

"Aye," responded Robert of Normandy, also starting up. "Ha! See! Our moble Hugh rides forth from the cloud!"

ing up. "Har see! Our mone trught rites forth from the cloud!"

Whereupon, though forced to resume his seat on account of the dreadful nauses at his stomach, he joined in the thunders of applause that areas from every part of the surrounding throng.

According to the strictrules of the time, the Prince de Vernandois might have rotained his seat in the saddle, and forced his artsgonist to fight on foot, but he chose not to do it. So he got down from his horse, and having given the rain into Walter's hand, he took his axe, and advanced to the cantre of the list, where he stood until his antagonist was ready, meanwhile raising his visor for more fresh air.

As for Guiscard de Grillon, the point of the lance had struck him upon the loft side of the head, entering between the hinge of the visor and the solid wall of the helm, lifting him bodily from his seat, and so bruising the head-piece that its owner was forced to

bruising the head-piece that its owner was forced to take a new one. The shock had been considerable; and for some little time after he gained his feet he

and for some little time after he gained his fast he staggered to and fro like a drunken man. But he came around at longth, and with his are in his hand, hattened to meet his opponent.

When Hugt saw de Grillon ready to advance, he let his visor fall without hooking it. Whether he forgot thus to secure it in its place, or whether he cared not, those who noticed it ould not then judge. The moment the visor had fallen, he closed his grasp upon his axe, and raised the heavy blade from the ground. He sought to away it as was his wont, but ground. He sought to sway it as was his wont, but he could only lift it even with his crest, and when he thought to strike at the coming man, it refused to advance, and fell with a dull thud upon his shoulder.

"Oh, give me but one more mom nt of nower for

Under the inspiration of the prayer his arm was

Under the inspiration of the prayer his arm was nerved to its work for a brief space, though he had no clear idea of what he was doing. He knew that his body was in motion—that darkness came upon his senses—that a thundering crash followed, benumbing every fibre of his system, and that he than sank—dowa, down, down, sanseless!

Once, when the axe of the prince had fallen back upon his shoulder, Robert of Normandy, finding ready sympathy in his own strange dizziness, had declared that the man was powerlass for farther battle; but in a moment more, when he sprang forward and dealt the knight of Grillon a hlow that staggered him, the feeling changed. But only for a very brief space.

taggeres tim, error time space.

"Ye gods of Right and Justice!" cried Tancred.
"See him stagger backwards without being strickes!
See! See! His strength is going—going! 'tis

With his axe drooping, and his buckler raised to cover his body, Hugh was staggering backwards, while De Grillon followed him up closely, his weapon

"Hugh de Vernandels, dost thou surrender?"
De Grillon repeated the demand twice; and then

receiving no answer, and seeing that the prince was evidently about to fall, he struck. He had determined that he would not miss the finishing stroke; and those who saw the axe descend, knew full well that his intent had been to cleave the arrae; and those who saw hie ax descend, after full well that his intent had been to cleave the skull from crown to chine; and so he would have done had the blow been fairly delivered. But he had waited the quarter part of a second too long. Just at that moment when De Grillon had started the weapon, the prince's heel caught upon a stone, and he stumbled backwards, and the outer corner of the deacending blade struck the bars of his visor and clipped a bit of the lower edge of the gorget. As quick as thought the axe was raised again, but the cry of indignation from the multitude, joined with the command of the Master, restrained his hand.

Those who were first beside the fallen prince expected to find his face severely cut; but in this they were agreeably disappointed. Save the siashing of the visor and the dent upon his gorget, not a plate, bar, or rivet of his armour had been injured, and not a bruise was to be found upon his body anywhere. And yet he was so truly like one dead, that the leeches who had gathered around him were not able to decide whether he was dead or living.

to decide whether he was dead or living.

The three accusers advanced to the dais, and demanded of the judge that their case should be given

them. "It is the finger of the Almighty upon a guilty man!" exclaimed De Grillon, with fierce energy. Whereupon Robert of Normandy arose, and demanded that the decision be reserved.

"My lord, and gentlemen interested, if it shall

please heaven to restore Hugh de Vermandois to life, I am sure that we shall be able to expose to you a plot se dark and so fiendish, that you will stand transfixed with hower!" xed with horror!"

used with horror!"
Guiscard de Grillon observed how pale the Norman chieftain was, and for a little while his knees smote with fear; but rallying as quickly as possible, he regained his bold front, and again demanded that the judgment of heaven should be rendered in behalf of himself and his companions.

himself and his companions.

All eyes were turned upon Tancred, as he was the man who had thus far succeeded in rendering satisfactory solution to difficult problems. Seeing that Godfrey himself at length appealed to him, he arose

"My Lord of Bouillon, and you, my brethren in ma what have we to decide? What was the conarms, what have we to decide? What was the condition of this battle? Hugh de Vermandois offered his body to his accusers, swearing that by the issue would he abide. If they proved upon his body that their cause was just, he would bow to the result. their cause was just, he would bow to the result. And what have they proved? Nothing! There has not been delivered upon the body of the prince a blow that could stagger a child; but, on the contrary, he hath unborsed his antagonist most gallantly, and that, too, while so weak that he could scarcely hold himself erect. Our noble Prince did unborse his opponent, and drive him to the axe. At this juncture a new power entered the list, and, directly seizing De Vermandois, did lay him upon the bosom of the earth as one doad. What hath his enemy done of all this? I say the combat is postponed, agreeably to the laws of chivalry, which declare that no man shall be bound by an oath when it doth sufficiently shall be bound by an oath when it doth sufficiently appear that the hand of heaven hath incapacitated

appear that he hand of neaven han incapacitated him for the keeping thereof."

This simple speech settled the matter; and all wondered that they had not seen it in that light at first. So the heralds were instructed to make proclamations that the battle had been put off to some

In the meantime, Hugh had been taken to his tent. where the best physicians of his own army attended upon him. They shook their heads gravely when they observed the matter which the prince vomited. They had been satisfied that, in addition to other ills, there was something unusual upon his stomach and a powerful emetic brought it away. There were three of the doctors, and one of them, Alberic of Montrillon, had been for many years a physician in attendance upon the King of France. After conversing a while with his companions, in ominous secrecy, Alberic touched Walter upon the shoulder, and beckoued him to follow. He led the way to the outer pavilion, where he made sure that they were alone, and then

Walter de St. Valery, I know that thou art "Walter de St. Valery, I know that thou art warmly attached to thy master, and that on no account wouldst thou suffer evil to approach him, if 'twere in thy power to prevent it; but ovil is a serpent of such subtle instinct that too often we know not when it comes, nor how. Now answer me, Walter. Since yesterday morning have any of Sir Hugh's enemies had admission to this tent?"

"No, sir, I am sure they have not."

" Have his enemies sent any messengers?"

"Art sure?"

"I am very sure."

"Then, Walter, answer me this: In the prince's immediate household—that is, among those who have access to his person—is there one whom you could suspect for a moment of treachery, provided a great inducement ware held out?"

ducement were held out?"
Walter knew that the old physician was his master's truest and most honoured friends; and under such circumstances he felt justified in speaking

plainly.

"Why do you hesitate, Walter?"

"I was reflecting, sir; and I will show you that my cogitation hath not been entirely without result."

And thereupon the esquire related in full the conversation he had held with his master concerning the

page Roland, at the same time expressing his firm belief that the lad had played the traitor more than

once.
The cloud of doubt and anxiety was banished from
the physician's brow, and his voice was even cheerful as he replied to Walter:
"I thank you for this, my friend; and, in turn, I
can assure you that your master is beyond all danger.
I have given him a medicine that will overcome all trouble, and when he revives I look to see him come forth quite like himself. And now, tell me, did your master drink any wine before going out to the list?"

"Yes; he and Robert of Normandy came in and

partook together."

Alberic started, gazed into the esquire's face with a blank expression, as though his thoughts were wandering, and then laid his hand nervously upon Walarm.

Robert of Normandy came in?" he whispered, strangely excited

"And drank with the prince?"

"Is there any of the wine left?"

little

"A little."

"Then I pray you keep it. No, no; let me have it, and I will carry it away with me."

They returned to the inner apartment, where Walter took down the bottle, and found a very small quantity of the wine remaining. This Alberic took, and having looked once more at his patient, he directed the esquire how to proceed, and then called his commence to some arms are not seen as the second of the se

his companions to come away.

"If the prince wants wine—and a small quantity may benefit him—be careful and open a flask which you are sure has not been before unscaled. I will

all on the morrow.

This the physician spoke to Walter in the outer pavilion, in a tone which could not reach other ears; and having expressed his belief that Hugh would revive in a very few hours, he took his leave.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

DURING the remainder of the night Walter sat by his master's couch, though he did not pretend to sit all the while with open eyes; but if he suffered him-self to fall away occasionally into slumber, he was very careful to place himself in such a position that the slightest movement on the part of the invalid would arouse him. When the day had broken, and would arouse him. When the day had broken, and the first bright beams had penetrated the pavilion, the esquire bethought him that he had better arouse the cooks, and see that a delicate broth was being prepared, which the physician had ordered for his patient. He saw that the knight was still sleeping, and with a noiseless step he made his way out from the pavilion, and went to the quarters of the ser-

vanis.

No sooner had Walter left the apartment where his master lay, than the page, who had been apparently waiting in the outer pavilion, hidden away so that the esquire did not observe him, glided stealthly in, and having assured himself that the prince was asleep, he moved to the sideboard, and began to search for something there. There were two flasks, and these he took down and examined; and when he had replaced them he seemed to search for a third, but he could not flud it.

but he could not find it.
"Death and confusion!" he ejaculated, after he had looked in every place where a flask could have been put, "someone has taken it away! Heaven grant that they have not discovered the secret! Oh, I wish I had not done it! I might have used my ears and my tongue; but 'twas cruel thus to repay, with almost certain death, the noble lord who hath so truly befriended me. Where can it be? The physicians have been here. Old Alberic was here. If he hath taken it away, then I am undone."

At this moment the prince moved about on his couch and called for Walter. Quick as thought the page dropped upon his hands and knecs, and crawled away; and he had not much time to spare, for pre-sently the knight satup in his bed, and looked around.

Walter de St. Valery spent more time than he thought with the servants, for he was anxious that

the broth should be properly prepared, and he waited to see the ingredients put together. When he returned, he was not a little surprised upon beholding that his master had arisen and taken a seat upon one of the stools.

"My lord, I fear that thou art doing a dangerous "My lord, I rear that thou are doing a cangerous thing. I left thee but now fast saleep, having been by thy side ever since thou wort brought hither. When I saw that the day had broken I went to call the cooks, that they might prepare a broth which Alberic recommended for you.

"Bless you, my good Walter, for your care and kindness; but fear not that I am in danger. By my soul, I feel very well; and I think the savoury broth of which thou speakest will give me new strength. Think not of me, Walter. Go about thy business, if thou hast any, and bring me the pottage when it is

The esquire believed that Hugh would be alone, so he withdrew, and found sufficient matters without to absorb his time until the cook announced that the broth was ready. Arranging it in as an attractive a style as possible, Walter set it upon the small table, and then took one of the sealed flasks of wine and ned it.

Hugh found the broth very palatable, and he par-took of it with more relish than he had experienced for a long while. When he had eaten and had drank a small measure of wine he felt quite revived, and his step, as he paced up and down the pavilion, was firm

and steady, though far from being vigorous.

Thus far, since he had arisen from his couch, he had been thoughful and moody, and Walter had marvelled much that he did not speak with him upon the subject of the battle. Several times the esquire had found the knight's gaze fixed upon him with an earnest, eager look; but no question had been asked. Finally, however, the spell was broken. The prince had been slowly pacing to and fro while his esquire removed the tray; and when Walter had returned, and would have proceeded to set the different articles of furniture in their proper places, his master aded him dress

"Walter, I would speak with thee. Be seated

here."

The prince had taken a seat upon the edge of his couch, and the seat to which he directed his esquire was a chair directly in front of him—the same in which Walter had spent the hours of his nightwatch. The latter gazed up, after he had taken the seat, and was unaccountably moved by the look which his lord gave him. It was a look such as he had never seen before, and he could not imagine what it meant. "Walter," spoke the knight, "this is early morn-

ing ?"
"Yes, my lord."

"And how long have I lain here upon my bed?"

"Since last evening.

"It is as I had thought. Yesterday, then, I was

A brief space of serious reflection, and then he con-

tinued:

"Good Walter, some things of what transpired yesterday I know full well; and there be other things of which I know nothing. And then, again, there be some things of an intermediate character of which I partly know, and am partly in doubt. I was fully myself when I rode away from my tent with the duke, though I was not so strong as I could have wished. By the time I had reached the list a sort of wished. By the time I had reached the list a sort of faintness came creeping over me; my head was inclined to turn against my will; my vision was not certain; and my breath came and went laboriously. So I hurried matters to the utmost, for I felt myself failing. I rode one tilt, and carried away one of D
Grillon's vambraces. Did I not ride a second tilt?

"A second!" cried Walter, in amazement. "D

you not remember that?"
"I remember that I was in my place at the end of the list, and that I raised my visor for air; and I think I made the charge, but I cannot call it clearly to my mind."

"Indeed, my lord, that second tilt was right nobly

run. You carried away De Grillon's helm, and hurled him bodily to the earth."
"Say you so?" cried the knight, starting up and scizing his equire by the arm. "Did I unhorse cizing his esquire by the arm. him a

He went to the earth like a stricken boar

"Aye. He went to the earth like a stricken boar; and thou didst keep thy seat right steadily,"

"And did that end the conflict?"

"No, my lord. It proved that De Grillon was not much hurt, and you dismounted and took your axe, while I led your horse away."

"Aye," whispered Hugh, quivering from head to foot, and sinking back upon the couch, "I took my axe—and De Grillon took his?"

"Yes my lord"

"Yes, my lord."
"And what then, Walter-what then?"

"Why, then it happened thus: No sooner had De

Grillon approached, than you, unable to raise your axe, began to stagger: but presently you made a violent effort, and with a furious leap you dealt your violent effort, and with a furious leap you dealt your opponent a blow which fairly staggered him. And that was your last. After that your axe dropped, and you tottered backward; and as you were falling De Grillon dealt a blow which would surely have been fatal, had not a sudden tripping of your heel thrown your head backward from the sweep of his blade. As it was, he only cleft the bars of your vices and teached was account.

visor, and touched your gorget."
"And I fell—fell before Guiscard de Grillon?"

You fell beneath the hand of heaven, my master. "Aye," responded the prince in a hollow tone. And to the judgment of heaven I had appealed!"

"But you had not impiously challenged your Maker to combat; so that fall could not be accounted

against you."
"And yet I fell beneath De Grillon's stroke! Who will believe that I was sick nigh unto death before I rode a tilt? Who will believe that I was not fairly overcome?

Your friends all believe so, my lord; and the

decision of the judge has been postponed."
"Alas! that Hugh de Vermandois should have lived to see this day! What will the King of France say when told that his beloved brotherbrother who came hither to uphold the honour of his Thoulouse! Oh! this is dreadful! dreadful! me Walter." royal arms-hath been overcome by a captain of

"But, my lord, you do not fully understand—"
"Hush, good Walter. I thank thee for thy kindness; but the stern truth will not be set aside. Leave me a while. I would think."

With a heavy heart the faithful esquire withdrew from the pavilion; and as he passed out into the court he found a number of the knights attached to the prince's immediate household, to whom he comunicated what had thus far transpired. A few A few of them were anxious to see their lord, for the purpose of assuring him, upon their knightly honour, that his case yet stood as fair as though he had not yet entered the list; but Walter told them they had better wait, and after a while they withdrew.

(To be continued.)

## THE PHANTOM OF MARION.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

DURING the fortune-teller's recital, Lord Beauford had listened with a nervous, agitated, flerce, in-tense interest, and now that she had finished, and her fearful words echoed and re-echoed through his mind, he arose to his feet, sprang tremblingly to-wards his wife, and exclaimed in a husky voice:

wards his wife, and exclaimed in a husky voice:

"Woman—I charge you by all thy hopes of heaven, speak, and deny this—speak!"

Lady Beauford remained motionless for an instant, then she haughtily arose, and darting a withering glance of scorn at her accusers, said in a loud voice:

"I filing back your falsehoods! Bring forth your perjurers that we may know them!"

"You are still obstinate, Lady Beanford, "observed the marquis. "I had hoped that I should not be obliged to crush you, but I see it is inevitable."

Again he opened the door, and the idiot bounded into the room.

into the room

Lady Beauford's lips curled scornfully, the heavy, dark brows were raised with angry inquiry, and she articulated in low, sneering tones: "Idiots, too, are your tools; proceed with your

villany!"

Stepping forward, the idiot cast his hair and whis-

Stepping forward, the idiot cast his hair and whis-kers to the floor, and replied with cutting irony: "Not quite so much of an idiot as you might ima-gine, Lady Boanford!" The colonel started, gazed with amazement upon the "deformed, transformed," and then advancing, held out his hand and exclaimed:
"Henri Chalmers, as I live!"

"Yes, my dear colone!" he returned, grasping the extended hand. "I have the honour to be—iirst, Henri Chalmers, the French adventurer, secondly, the idiot of the vale, and lastly and really, Albert

Grey, the detective."
Still inflexible, Lady Beauford heard these words, which rang upon her ear the death-knell of her hopes. Her superior will-power had rendered her excellent service, but her mind could not long withstand the terrible pressure which was brought to bear upon it, though in desperation she determined to remain firm until nature should sink.

"I am well aware, Lord Beauford," began the de-tective, "of the horror and agony which this scene inspires, yet I think it is better that it should be de-veloped here than in a court of justice; my duty is a sad one, but it must be performed. About four months ago I received a letter from the Marquis of Fairfield

desiring me to come to England. I accordingly made my arrangements, and arrived here a short time be-fore Lady Beauford made her first visit to Richard

Shrewder's office for some years.

"The marquis informed me that the heir of Rutherford had disappeared when a babe, and at the time of the loss the child was under the supervision of the inmates of this castle, and that Lady Beauford had given birth to a child at nearly the same hour of Lord Rutherford's death and his wife's acconchement. After several minor items, the marquis next proceeded to state his suspicions of Lady Beauford, which to my mind were groundless and insufficient, as the fact that she was powerless, and, perhaps, insensible at the time of the lose, was a great argument in her favour. I desired a motive; people rarely do anything without a motive, much less break the laws of the land, and I asked the marquis if he knew of any previous incident which could furnish me with the shadow of a cause. He could not nish me with the shadow of a cause. He could not give the desired information, and I was about to throw up the case; but he pleaded so earnestly that I promised to do all in my power, though I was not at all sanguing of species.

"At length, after a vigorous and perplexing search, I discovered the motive. Lady Beauford had a younger brother, who, having in 'riotous living,' expended all his patrimony, and knowing the resources which as the wife of an earl his sister could command, made as the wife of an eart his sister could command, made several applications to her for money, which she, fearing to refuse, as he held a powerful influence over her, supplied him with. Throwing away the money upon the gaming table, and renewing his demands upon her until her private purse was ex-hausted, and she had refused, he suddenly became angry, and threatened to expose the secret which he held, and which, were it known, would disgrace her for ever. In view of the impending crisis, and driven to desperation by his oft-repeated and threatening requisitions, she adopted a dangerous plan, and forged cheques on her husband's name to large amounts."

A wail of acute anguish from the overcharged heart of Lord Beauford reverberated dismally through the room, and the nearly crazed man clutched his

hair and trembled like a leaf.

all sanguine of success.

"Yes," continued Grey, casting a glance of pity at the sorrow-stricken lord, "Lady Beauford continued in her crime until nearly half of my lord's fortune was swept away. Then the magnitude of her offence flashed across her mind, and the chances of detection struck fear to her heart. There must be a way found to restore the money and effect con-cealment of her transactions.

"Again her brother called upon her and renewed

his threats; she sent him away and subsequently visited Richard Shrewder, and it is a very strange fact, that her brother has never been seen since the twenty-four hours following the time that she visited the attorney. While in the latter's office, she dis-closed the perilous position which she was in with regard to her pecuniary affairs, and sought the ad-rice of the attorney. He, after listening to the fact that Sir Edwin Rutherford was ill, and his wife enceinte, proposed that if they did not die, that they should be made to do so. Lady Beauford did not exshould be made to do so. Lady Beauford did not exactly favour such extreme measures; but knew that something must be done, and that quickly. Accordingly, she left the whole affair in the hands of the worthy Richard, and returned to her castle, where shortly afterwards she gave birth to her child. As a precautionary measure, the attorney introduced into the household of Sir Edwin a woman, who was charged the household of Sir Edwin a woman, who was charged with the extermination of the three, provided nature did not do its own work. Greatly to the relief of the attorney and Lady Beauford, the shedding of blood was not rendered necessary, as they, in common with others, supposed the wife to have died. Then the child was removed to this castle, and, as you all have been proviously informed by Margery, was taken away to be killed, while Lady Beauford came into the possession of the fortune, which was sufficient to replace the deficiencies in her husband's account. "Years relied on it their ceaseless course and Lady."

Years rolled on in their ceaseless course, and Lady Beauford felt in perfect security, until while engaged in a game of chess with Colonel Le Fontaine, in this in a game of chess with Colonel Le Fontaine, in this very room, she fainted at the sight of the marks which Margery had made to distinguish the heir of Rutherford. For the purpose of assuring herself that she had not been mistaken, and that the child whom she had thought murdered years before had grown up, and was identical with her visitor, she entered his room at midnight, and gazed upon his neck and wrist. Then she called upon Mr. Shrowder, and at this point dates my first actual appearance in the case What I had learned previously, I had no proof of, and was therefore obliged to work upon existing facts. During her conference with Mr. Shrewder, I entered very suddenly, to perceive her expression and manvery suddenly, to perceive her expression and man-ner before she should have time to change it—a very little thing itself, but of vast importance when in

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THE SORCERESS.

conjunction with others of more magnitude. Subsequently to that, and after the visit of the villain under the name of Sir Edward Delmar, I intercepted a letter from Lady Beauford to Richard Shrewder. There, my lord, is the epistle, perhaps you would like to read it," and, pausing, the detective passed the note

to his lordship.

Lord Beauford grasping it, and pushing away with an unsteady hand the tangled masses of hair that had fallen over his brow, bent his eyes upon it, while each word that he read, seemed like a drop of gall falling upon his heart and making it acid. Returning the paper to Mr. Grey, he pressed his hands to his head, and sat bent down, a wreck of sorrow and

pain.

Replacing the letter in his note-book, the detec-

tive continued:
"That gave me a clue, and the first one of any "That gave me a citte, and the first one of any value which I had obtained. My next move was to ascertain when the party intended starting for Scotland; that I acquired from the servants of Lord Lyndon, and made preparations to precede you. I arrived in Scotland, donned the dress which I thought best suited to enact my part in, and was fortunate enough to get acquainted with, and win the fortunate enough to get acquainted with, and win the good graces of Margery, whom I had been searching for, and whom I at last chanced to meet by mere accident. At the time Lady Beauford met Margery upon the road, I was concealed in the woods, at the side of the road, and noted each expression of her features. Subsequently, during the storm, when the gallant officer was endeavouring to procure shelter for Lady Beauford and her friends, hired assassins were then lingering in the wood, only awaiting an opportunity to deprive him of life, which I am happy to say I prevented them from doing."

o say I prevented them from doing."

"Oh, can this be my mother!" sobbed Lady Alice, and she would kill you? Oh, Adolph—my heart is breaking!"

Mr. Grey bent his eyes compassionately upon the

distracted girl, and then resumed:
"The incident at the Cliff—the meeting in the "The incident at the Cliff—the meeting in the woods—and the explosion you are familiar with, and with regard to them, I have only to say that during my stay with the sorceress, I gleaned all the information relative to the part she played in the transaction. With this slight review, I bring myself to the last acts of this life-drams. I had become acquainted with the villains who were instigated by Mr. Shrewder and Lady Beauford to encompass the life of the colonel, and followed them to Paris, where the soldier's life was acquirent tempted. After the terrific dier's life was again attempted. After the terrific sword-combat had closed, and Mr. Jasper Kingsbury was about to end the life of his opponent by the use

of his pistol, I, along with two gens d'armes, appeared upon the scene. One of the murderers was shot, while his two companious escaped. I restored the colonel to consciousness, and then conducted him to my lodgings, where I caused him to remain in disguise, while, for obvious purposes, his death was being extensively published; for the grief I caused in a delivery levels and a property of the color of the grief I caused in a delivery levels and the second of the second of

being extensively published; for the grief I caused in so doing I crave pardon, but it was unavoidable.

"After seeing that the colonel was properly provided for, I left in great haste for London, where, under the guise of the idiot, I became apparently attached to Jasper Kingsbury, who grew to like me, and confided to me his scheme to cause the death of Margery. I consented to his villanous propositions, and appointed the following night for the deed, he to enter the back window, and stab her while asleep.
"During the next day I sent her into the country.

"During the next day I sent her into the country, and constructed a figure, the breast made of fresh meat, that it might receive the blade naturally—under which was a liquid which I had prepared to resemble blood. The night came, and with it Mr. Jasper Kingsbury, prepared to execute his flendish work. He softly entered, stealthily approached the bed and struck three vigorous blows, as he thought, to her heart, and then hastily escaped. As we arrived at his room, he drew out the dagger, dripping with the liquid which he supposed to be blood, and chuckled at his success.

at his success.

"To cover up all traces and divert suspicion, he proposed that we should pretend to be her friends, and bury her. To this I agreed, fearing to excite distrust, although I had not the remotest idea of a subterfuge to adopt to deceive him, and desiring time for thought on the subject, I intimated that it would be better to wait a day. He acquiesced, and throwing myself into a chair I pondered long and wearily, but without conceiving a ruse. On the afternoon of the same day I went into the next house, and found that an old woman, wondrously resembling Margery, that an old woman, wondrously resembling Margery, haddied a few hours before, and as she had no friends, haddied a few hours before, and as she had no friends, was to be buried at the expense of the parish. I immediately changed my dress, and applied to the proper office for permission to inter her, representing myself as one of her friends. The request was readily granted, and stopping at an undertaker's, I ordered all the necessary articles, and returning, re-assumed my disguise, not a little pleased with the good fortune which had attended my efforts. The next day she was buried, Jasper having paid all expenses, and perfectly satisfied with what he thought his masterly performance.

"I have but little more to add. When Lady Beauford paid Richard Shrewder the two thousand pounds
—or rather gave him a cheque for that amount—I was

in the office and also in the good graces of Mr. Shrewder, for I was a 'medium.' I now come to what might be considered a small circumstance, but which illustrates some of the injustice which talented men are obliged to suffer. The book, my lord, pur-ported to have been written by your wife, and which men are obliged to suffer. The book, my lord, purported to have been written by your wife, and which caused you such happiness, was the product of the brain of a poor man, who, although possessing great genius, has barely received a living from the sale of his works, but has been crushed by unprincipled publishers, who paid him what they chose, and he was obliged to submit. Lady Beauford sought him out, and I will do her the justice to say, offered him a liberal price to undertake the work. As you are aware, the book is the sensation of the year, and the credit is given to one who does not doserve it; with this incident my experience in this unhappy affair comes to an end."

As he finished, Lady Beauford arose to her feet, her face as pale as death, and her bosom heaving convulsively. For an instant she stood trembling, and then in short, quick gasps came the words:

"Tis over—dark death approaches—the curse of life fades away! Now bring the dqlt in—bring forth Richard Shrewder!"

As Lord Beauford heard these words, he started from his chair, his face became livid, his eyes protruded from their sockets, and in wild accents he shricked:

"Great heaven, she confesses! The house of Bean."

shrieked:

shricked:

"Great heaven, she confesses! The house of Beauford is ruined! And this is my wife? No—no—it
is not a woman—it is a fiend—a demon—it is—Proserpine! And I have held it to my heart—oh viper,
that stings the breast which nourishes it—oh, reptile,
it him the hand that feeds it." and exhausted that bites the hand that feeds it;" and, exhausted, Lord Beauford fell heavily to the floor.

Lord Beanford fell heavily to the floor.

The marquis, with the aid of the colonel, raised his inanimate form, carried him to his chamber, and left him in the hands of the housekeeper.

Returning, the marquis opened the door, and admitted Richard Shrewder, his face nearly blue from fear, and his long hair hanging in confusion around his face, while his eyes were distended, and appeared nearly white. nearly white.

As he saw his former client, his teeth chattered,

As he saw his former client, his teeth chattered, his limbs bent beneath him, and he recoiled with a shudder from the frightful face and burning eyes. Darting a look of the most intense hatred and withering contempt at the shrinking object before her, she exclaimed:

"Coward, well may you tremble! Thou sneaking, abject clod, why have you done this?—speak!"

Mr. Richard Shrewder struggled to retain his equilibrium, threw out his chest, placed his arms akimbo,

while his long curls actually trembled, and his limbs doubled under him, he ejaculated:

"My-my-lady-I-really-Oh, heavon-heaven!" and fell supinely on his back from sheer afficients. affright.

A spasm of flerce rage distorted Lady Beauford's features, her dark, heavy brows descended and hung like funereal arches over her eyes, which gleamed like coals of living fire, her nestrils dilated until it seemed as if they would burst, her pale lips rolled back, disas it they would ourse, her pare the rotted back, dis-closing the sharp, white teeth, which scintillated and clashed in raging agony, and in spasmodic gasps of frantic frenzy came the words: "Then base ingrate—then vile worm that hugs the

earth—thou cringing, loatheome hound—thou veno-mous, creeping toad, well may'st thou quail, quake, and quiver! Ha, ha, ha! Plute calle—Hades opens to receive thee! Ha, ha! I sand the—go—vanish

to receive thee: Ha, hs.: I send the go-vanish —die!"

As the last accent escaped her lips, she leaped madly forward, and dashed the centents of a phial in his face, while her form swayed to and fro, and her every breath was heard across the room.

The detective rushed forward to secure her. Ere he reached her she had swallowed the contents of a second phial, and sinking back feto a chair, while her face became deadly pale, she said:

"I'm out of your power—you cannot imprison me! Ha, ha, hs! I've deceived you all—now look and see how a 'Borgia' can die!" and she continued gasing upon them with a strong, influstible smile, while death was slowly benembing her faculties.

The potent and insidious poison which Lady Beauford had thrown upon the lawyer was fast doing its work. Already the weins in his face had swollen until it appeared double its natural size, his eyes seemed about to fall out upon his cheeks, the froth gathered around his lips, and he ground, twisted, writhed, and cursed.

writhed, and cursed.

Lady Beautord's features were fast becoming ghastly and rigid, her eyes assumed a glassy look, and turning for the last time in this world towards the lawyer, she hissed, with her last breath:

"Richard Shrewder, I've kept my word—we enter needition together!" and with these awful words,

she fell back a corpse.

The attorney glared upon her, attempted to reply,

The troring gared upon her, steembest to reply, gave one gasp and expired.

The tragical, fearful, horror-inspiring death of those two persons caused a shudder to thrill every being. With her heart dashing furiously against her side, and her mind lashed into torture by the dreadful events, Lady Alice clung tremblingly to her lover, while the rays of the orb of day seemed to mock at her, the leaves on the trees seemed to be transformed into hideous, grinning faces, and everything animate and inanimate seemed to point at her ith terrible scorn reverberated the words upon the air:

"You are her child—you are part of her—will man ever trust her offspring

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE sun rose slowly from its watery bed in the east, and sailing grandly towards the zenith, broke in a perfect shower of golden sparkles over the battlements and turrets of Beauford Castle, gilding the age-worn stone with mellow light, and casting its beams into the elegant drawing-rooms and wide halls, which were now desolate and draped with

One by one the guests arose and descended, but without returning the mute yet thrilling good morning, that nature extended to them through the dulcet

voices of the birds and the glowing earth.

Lady Alice sat with pallid cheek and aching heart, awaiting the appearance of her father—the coming of him who yesterday stood high among the nobles of England, proud of his position, and happy in the wife whom he thought one of the purest s best of her sex—to-day, nearly heart-broken, dis-honoured, disgraced, and oh, fearful reflection—that wife and mother a forger and a murderess. The poor girl shuddered as this thought passed through her mind, and she buried her face in her hands as if to shut out the terrible picture, while her heart cried out in the bitterness of its agony:

the bitterness of its agony:

"And this was my mother, whom I had just learned to love—oh, heaven, my mother!"

A hand stole softly over her brow, and gently smoothed the waves of brown hair that rippled over her forehead, and in the tones of that beloved voice, which seemed to pour a healing balm upon her torspirit, came the words:

"Alice, my love, do not grieve thus; you are not

"Ance, my love, do not grieve thus; you are not culpable; pray be calm."

She raised her tearful eyes, and they rested lovingly upon the noble features of the young officer. One ray of light severed the darkness that shrouded her mind, one beam of joy shone into her grief-laden with melting glances of commiscration, she pushed the gray hair back from his hot temples and placed

heart, and mutely thanking her Creator for the blessing of her lover's devotion, she placed her hand in

ing or her lover's devotion, she placed her hand in his, and lowly replied:

"Oh, Adolph, I fear I do not appreciate my bless-ings: yet I cannot help being sad."

"It is but natural that you should." he responded; "yet it might be far worse, for instance, if your faer, who is good and noble, had been taken from you

"I know it. I know it," she echoed; "but I am
a part of her—her flesh and blood—you must detest
—hate me—you cannot do otherwise."
"Alice, my own, forbear;" he exclaimed in injured
tones. "You know not what you say; you know
not how you pain me."

not how you pain me."
"Forgive me, Adolph; it is true that I know not

what I say."
Regain your composure, my love, and try to cheer
your father. I hear his step in the halt."
In another moment Lord Beauford walked slowly
into the room, his form best, his face pale and haggard.
Raising his mourcful eyen, he inclined his head to
those present, and seated hisself without speaking.
"Papa, dear papa," munuserf without speaking.
"Papa, dear papa," his perturbed brow, "do not
grieve; there must be happiness in the fature, I know
there is."

"Ah, my poor stricken dove," he serrowfully re-joined, "you had a mother once—and I a wife—bat now we know that love was only treachery, that life as a lie—a curse."

His grief overpowered him, his voice failed him, and again he sank back in that listless attitude of lethargic sorrow.

"Dear pape, you are my only parent now; you must not thus give way to your feelings," continued the affectionate daughter, vainly attempting to turn his thoughts from the past.

"I'll try, my child, for your rake," he answered, with a faint smile, "I'll try."

At that moment a servant entered, and announced the morning meal to be in readinant.

the morning meal to be in readiness.

ome, papa," urged Lady Alice, "you need re-nent. I heard you walking the room all night; freshment.

Like one in a dream, the oppressed earl followed his child to the dining-room. He merely tasted his coffee, and silently refused the many delicacies that Alice knew would benefit him, and which she urged upon him with all her powers of persussion Seeing that he did not partake of any nourishment, and that all her kind attentions were fruitless, she became in a measure imbued with his melanchely, and leaning back in her chair, she gazed upon him with filial solicitude.

In a few moments breakfast was over, and the party

eturned to the drawing-room.

Lady Anne Rutherford seated herself beside the and taking his hands within her own, said in a voice full of tenderness:

"My dear son, for such the disclosures of yester-day have made you—this is the first moment I have had to speak to you. I am happy, yet I do not ex-perience that sublimity of happiness which I antici-

"Mother-how sweet, strange, and dear the name sounds—it is not singular that you have not felt the emotions of beatitude which you had hoped to do. The late events have not conduced to our pleasure, and certainly the sorrow which now oppresses our friends must dim our joy.

"You are right; it is wrong in me to speak so Heaven has restored you to me, and I ought to be content.

Colonel Le Fontaine gazed upon the still beautiful voman before him with peculiar and inexplicable celings. Had he, after all these years, found a name, a home, and a mother? It seemed like too feelings. receings. Had he after all these years, found a name, a home, and a mother? It seemed like too much bliss; and then, as he thought that the obstacle to his marriage with the lovely Alice was now removed, emotions of joy expanded his heart, and dispelled for the moment the bitter feelings he had erienced in sympathising with his darling in her

Lady Anne was about to speak, when her atten-tion was attracted towards Lord Beauford, and the remark driven from her mind.

The detective approached the earl, and observed: The detective approached the ears, and observes.

"My lord, you have my sympathy, and I trust you have no ill-feelings towards me for the part I was obliged to enact in this sad affair."

"No, Mr. Grey," he replied, in a low voice, "you did your duty. It is better as it is."

The detective bowed, and bidding all adieu, left

the castle. "Place your hand on my brow, child," moaned

her hand upon his brow, meantime whispering fond words in his ear, and beseeching him to repress the grief which had deprived him of strength, nerve, and almost of life.

"Ah, my child," he said in broken accents, "your father will never be himself again." His tone changed to a low wail, and he continued:

"Why, Alice, she held a cup of nectar to my lips, and it proved to be poison. She made me love her, and then turned that love to horror. She caused me to think her an angel, and she proved to be a serpent. She sent joy to my heart, and then changed it to gall! Oh, why was woman born to such per-fldy, such treachery, such wickedness?" and arising, he walked the room excitedly, his hands pressed to his aching brow, and his form shaking from emotion.

"My lord, I pray you to be calm," said ...
Anne, arising and placing her hand upon his s

"Ah, my lady, you can never know my feelings. To think that for years I have been living upon your fortune, obtained by—oh, that dreadful word, I can-not speak it."

not speak it."

"Nay, not so," returned Lady Anne, with increasing kindness; "you shall still remain here, for I have more than I could ever use."

"Thanks; you are noble, you are generous," interrupted his lordship, with a deprecatory wave of his hand; "but think you that I could receive this, when you were the object of that fearful plot? No—no—I could not."

"Hear was, my bad?"

""

"Hear ma, my lord," continued Lady Anne, earmostly. "You and my husband were first friends. I
could almost hear his voice repreach me, did I allow you to leave your ancestral tenne, and go—no
one knows whither. You must remain here."

"You have my gratitede, my lady," answered
Lord Beaslord, shaking his head sadly; "but it is
impossible. I am no longer a man, my life has been
trodden out of me, this castle is unworthy of me—
"Coice, my lord," she interrupted; "you have a
child to think of. I am well aware that your pride
rebels against my proposition; but you must not, you
shall not heed that."

"I will hold out no longer against your wishes."he

"I will hold out no longer against your wishes," he emulously responded; "but, oh, 'tis dreadful that tremulously responded; "but, oh, 'tis dreadful that the Beauford blood has to suffer this disgrace! Oh, my father, canst thou look down upon your son and the ruin thou hast wrought by forcing that mar-

"Repine not, my lord, I beseech you," pleaded Lady Arms. "The world shall never know of the dread event. Your honour shall be preserved, and the public shall imagine that Lady Beauford died a calm neached death." , peaceful death.

"How can I ever thank you? You are too kind, dear lady," answered his lordship, sensibly feeling the gratitude which he so earnestly expressed. "You have done a Christian deed, for you have saved the last of the Beaufords from disgrace."

"You are not the last of the Beaufords!" sounded

a low voice upon his ear.

That ringing, portentous accent aroused strang feelings in Lord Beauford's breast, and, quickly turn ing, he beheld the sorceress, leaning upon her crutch, and gazing steadfastly upon him with her bright,

gray eyes.
"Woman, why these words? What mean you?" he exclaimed, as he recovered from his astonish and regained his voice

She shook her head wisely, and slowly returned: "I know what I say. I repeat, you are not the last of the Beaufords."

Lord Beauford glanced perplexedly at his friends, esitated a moment, and then demanded:

'I conjure you speak! Why excite our attention when 'tis usel

Margery advanced, gazed significantly at Lady Alice, and, raising her long, bony arm, pointed to-wards her, and replied:

"You have been again deceived. She whom you thought your daughter is no kith nor kin of yours. "Oh, what new mystery is this?" groaned Lord Beauford. "Have I no child? Speak, woman, and tell me—who is she?"

instant the woman hesitated; then, while a

peculiar light burned in her large eyes, she replied:
"She is the daughter of Lady Anne—the heiress of Rutherford!

Lord Beatford staggered to a chair, and, while he buried his face in his hands, moaned:

"Alone—alone! No child! Oh, heaven! why is

this?

As these words fell upon the soldier's ear, he seemed bewildered. An instant more, and he bitterly exclaimed:

"Another delusion! Again I am a wanderer—a nameless orphan! Oh, fate worse than death, a no-

Yes you are. You are a great man!" whispered the fortune-teller.

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He started wildly from his chair, while conflicting and turbulent emotions surged through his mind; and, turning fleresty towards her, he shouted:

"Speak, woman! What am I? Who am I?"

As the colone?'s voice resounded through the room, all excited with fewerish curiosity, squist rarned towards the fortune-teller, and breathlessly listened for the words that threatened to change their destiny. With that deeply-significant mine wreathing her features, and her eyes featuring with the light of revenge and gladness, Margery resumed.

"You are—yes, you are the heir of Beanford!"
For a moment the earl stood dumbfoundered; then his heart seemed to re-echo to the truth of her words, and, clasping the colonel to his breast, he marmured:

"Heaven answered my desire when I knew it not! I wiseled for a son, and at last he is restored to me?"
Lady Alice trembled with joy and grief combined, her heart fluttered an instant, and then throwing herself into Lady Anne's srms, she said, lowly:

"Thank heaven I have a good mother."

herself into Lady Anne's symm, she said, rowry:

"Thank heaven I have a good mother."

"Now the chord which lives in a mother's heart
vibrates; nature tells me that my child rests upon
my breast."

And, bending down, she covered the Iair face with

my breast."

And, bending down, she covered the Isir face with kisses.

The earl looked upon the soldier for a moment, a tremor shook his frame, and he moaned:

"And the mother was plotting to kill her own offspring! Oh, how strange and unnatural!"

"My father, think not of that; I have been preserved through all vicissitudes. Now let us hear the story that will enlighten us with regard to existing facts."

Slowly approaching, Margery seated herself in the centre of her amazed auditors; and, after glaneing satisfactorily around, began:

"Years ago I was a servant in Lord Moreland's castle. After I had been there a short time, Lady Lucretia wished me for a private waiting-worsan, and in a short time I entered upon my new duties. She, as you are aware, my lord, was exacting and impatient, and often treated me unkindly—yes, harshly, which I tried to overlook in consideration of her high temper. At last she discharged me for some trivial cause, which fact was very well in itself, had she not, from a mere vindictive spirit, spoiled my character—which in truth was good—by circulating false and malicious stories about me, to prevent my obtaining another situation, which she most effectually accomplished. This roused the anger in my breast, and, as I pondered upon it, all the grievances I had suffered at her hands came up anew in my mind; and I silently vowed, had I ever an opportunity for revenge, to exercise it."

"When hired by Richard Shrewder to make away with the heir of Rutherford, I was, as I have said before, afflicted by hunger. No thought of carrying my resolve into execution entered my mind, until I asseemed the stairs. The nurse had often told me that Lady Anne's child was a girl. As I thought of this, I determined to take Lady Beauford's own child, as she would not know the difference, for she had never seen either of the children, and my lord was at that time in Parliament, so he would be none the wiser. The favourable circumstances decided me, and I took your child, my lord, instead of the one I was pai

time in Faritament, so he would be none the wiser. The favourable circumstances decided me, and I took your child, my lord, instead of the one I was paid to take, while I left Lady Beauford to bring up in wealth and security the child she wished to destroy. I marked the heir of Beauford upon the arm, that its mother might take its life if she desired. At last the feeling was overcome by more generous ones, and I have watched over your child, my lord, when it was in my

The earl—his grief temporarily allayed by the new and exciting revelations that claimed his attention—led his son to a seat, and, gazing affectionately upon him, said:

tionately upon him, said:
"My son, that uniform must be cast aside, for now you are my heir." He paused a moment. "And I sent you away from me and taunted you with your birth. Can you forgive me?"
"Forgive you? Nay, do not ask that question. I am proud of my father, for then your true nobility was tested and not found wanting."
At that moment the Marquis of Fairfield approached, and congratulated the earl upon the restoration of the rightful heir.
The earl kindly replied; and then, while the pangs of anguish again crept over his frame, queried:

The earl kindly replied; and then, while the pangs of anguish again crept over his frame, queried:
"Marquis, will you tell me why you took such an interest in—you understand me."
"I will," responded the marquis. "Some two years ago I passed by Rutherford Castle, and saw the ghost which was causing so much commotion in this part of the country. I am not inclined to the supernatural, and have far more belief in the tangible than in the intangible; consequently the apparition did not startle me in the least, but caused a slight query to enter my mind whether it was a person awake or a somnambulist. Wishing to satisfy myself

upon this point, I dismounted, fastened my horse, and had the impudence to elimb in at a window and ascend the stairs, where I greatly surprised the ghost, who now, in a mortral manner, had returned to her room and interested herself in a volume of poems. If of course excuted myself, and, having promised to keep her secret, went my way.

"That visit was only the precursor of many longer and pleasaster ones, until I came to know that I had seen the first and only woman who ever caused my bear to vibrate with any emotion atomzer than

my heart to wibrate with any ensotion stronger than that of friendship. I asked her to be my wife, and she that of friendship. I asked her to be my wife, and she informed me first sile should not marry, if at all, until her child was once again in her arms. Urged on, perhaps, by selfishness, I determined to discover her child and phase it again in her possession, and then know my fate. You all know that I have succeeded. I am an old man, and consequently cannot give a young heart, but one that, however old, is actuated by its first love. Laity Aune, I ask you here, in the presence of your child and the Lords of Beauford, de you accept my hand, heart, and fortune?"

"Marquis, I cannot give you love, for that lies in the grave; but if you desire to walk peacefully down the vale of life with me for a companion, then I am yours."

The margais test down lower over the fair hand of Ledy Anne, and then looking very significantly at Edmund Montrose Beautord, said:
"A double wedding, I think, is preferable. Are you not of my opinion, my lord?"
Ledy Alice turned away, the bright blood rushing over her face in crimon wayes.

you not of my optsion, my lord?"
Lady Alice turned away, the beight blood rushing over her face in crimson waves.

"I do, marquis. Father, have you now any objections to having for a daughter the lady you once refused to me because she was a Beauford?" asked the holdler, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"None, my dear son; indeed, I believe I must call her daughter again. What say you, Lady Ame?"

"That nothing could give me greater happiness?"
"And you, Lady Alice?" continued the earl.

"That I will call you papa again!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck.

"That's my darling," he replied, with some of his former vivacity; then thoughts of the woman who lay in a coffin in his chamber crossed his mind, and a sensation of horror crept over his frame.

"My lord," said the marquis, "I hope that the comparatively happy ending of this tragedy will atone for its grief."

"Thanks, my friend. I trust that I may right-fully regard my sorrows and appreciate my blessings,

for its grief."

"Thanks, my friend. I trust that I may rightfully regard my sorrows and appreciate my blessings, though they come in disguise."

"And I," remarked Lady Anne, devoutly, "hope that heaven will forgive my misguided cousin as freely as I do now."

A fervent "Amen" escaped all present, and they left the room to prepare for the last scene in the life-drama—the burial of Lady Beauford.

Five years had passed. The sun illumined the heavens and earth, and showered grateful beams through the interstices of the trees in the park, in the rear of Beanford Castle. Presently a merry, rippling laugh echoed upon the perfumed air, and the next instant a lovely child, his long golden curls falling over his dimpled shoulders, and his eyes sparkling with joy and excitement, emerged from the trees, and skipped along towards the castle. A moment more, and a beautiful woman ran gaily along the more, and a beautiful woman ran game, more, and a beautiful woman ran game, path, exclaiming:
"You naughty, dear darling, where are you?"
"Mamma can't find Willie!" and then another

"Mamma can't find willie!" and then another burst of silvery merriment.

Anon a noble-looking gentleman stepped out of the low French window, and, catching the child to his heart, covered its face with fond kisses. Shaking the golden curls, and panting for breath, the child again shouted:

"Papa's found me; mamma couldn't."

It a rement the lady appeared and from her ayes.

"Papa's found me; mamma couldn't."
In a moment the lady appeared, and from her eyes
shot glances of tenderest affection as she rested upon
the shoulder of the noble man, and gazed with a mother's divine love at the smiling cherub in his arms.
"Where's grandpa?" said the child; and shortly
there appeared at the window a tall, majestic man,
whose snow-white hair fell upon his brow in silky
masses, and whose face were that genial kindly

whose snow-white hair fell upon his brow in silky masses, and whose face wore that genial, kindly smile one so delights to observe in old age.

A moment more, and a lady and gentleman joined him at the window. The mother raised her eyes, flooded with tears of joy, and, placing her hand upon her head and shoulders, said:

"I bless the day I met the 'Soldier of Algiers,' and saw the 'Phantom of the Castle.'"

place to point out the difference of the colours now and formerly worn by the respective crews, when in 1840 the Cantabs wen by half a boat's length. Then we read of the Oxford cutter being plain black, with a gold moulding ontside, and light blue within—her crew wearing blue striped guernseys and black straw hat; the Cambridge, black outside, with gold moulding, and filac within—the crew sporting white guernerys and white straw hats. The course was from Westminster Bridge to Putney, about five miles and three-quarters, and the distance was accom-plished in twenty-nine minutes and a half.

## SOMETIMES SAPPHIRE SOMETIMES PALE.

By J. R. LITTEMPAGE.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

CHAPTE B AAA.

Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,
At the "Dragon" on the heath,
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob ind nob with duath.
Thou shalt not becared by works;
Thou shalt not becared by works;
Thou hast been a sinner, too;
Buined trunks-on withered forks,
Empty scarcorows, Tand you!
Empty scarcorows, Tand you?

EARNSHAW partook of a solitary but insurious meal, that was served to him in his own sitting-room. His heart was bounding with excess of rap-ture; but yet, through all his joy, he felt that same uneasy dread which had tormented him while even

uneasy dread which had tormented him while even exchanging love-vows with Cathleen, on the island. "There has always been a mystery about Arkwright," mused he; "and he would never have the audacity to tell Cathleen that he intended to marry her, but that he left he held a strong power over her or her grandfather. I must go to-morrow and search for the box buried onder the runs in that passage below old Dungaryon. I will have dealight out. search for the box buried under the runs in that pas-sage below old Dungarvon. I will have daylight out-side, and I will go provided with lights—lucifers— everything I need. I will now make a confidant of Gollon, who has so mixed himself up with these fes-tivities that he seems to have overlooked me since that day in the shrubbery."
When Earnshaw had dined, wine and fruit were

that day in the shrubbery."

When Earnshaw had dined, wine and fruit were brought to him, and he asked the servant to request Mr. Gollon to come to him. In about ten minutes from that time the hearty, jovial lawyer burst, like a blusterous March day, into Earnshaw's sitting-room.

"Why, bless my life, my boy, where have you and pretty Cathleen been all the day? Dinner over, and you not returned; long walk over the moors in the snow, no umbrella, and all that sort of thing—wasn't I glad to hear it! You are not the boy I took you for, if you did not improve your chance, and pour as pretty a love-story into her ears as ever was listened to by heiress or beauty."

"Mr. Gollon, sit down and take some wine, and listen calmly to me for a few moments," said Earnshaw. "I really believe that I have seen the box which my poor mether brought into your office five-and-twenty years ago, in the dusk of a certain winter's evening, in the seaport town of Baymouth."

"The box?" cried Mr. Gollon "that will be better than the testimony of the mad parson, which was so difficult to obtain. But tell me, where is it?"

Thereupon, Earnshaw entered into a full description of his adventure of a few nights since. He omitted no particular, he spoke of the singular creature, only half human se it seemed, who had inveigled him into the subterranean passage

gled him into the subterranean passage
The lawyer scratched his head in his perplexity.
"Are you sure you did not go to sleep under those arches and mouldering walls, and dream it all, my

dear boy?"

"No, Mr. Gollon, not so; besides, I have made careful, cautious, but apparently indifferent inquiries, and I have been told by the servants that there is a subterranean passage under the ruins which opens suddenly through a door low down in the wall; but the lower orders are in mortal terror of the spot, and it does not, strangely enough, seem to have interested the educated or the lovers of antiquities, interested the educated or the lovers of antiquities, as one might have fancied, for I had never heard there was such a place, and hence my wonder when that wretch dragged me suddenly through the little wooden door, and left me alone in the darkness, and I found it impossible to gain that door again."

"That is nearly always the case in blank, total darkness," said Mr. Gollon. "People wander from the point they wish to gain instead of towards it. But now, my dearest boy, admitting that some uncouth THE END.

THE CAPPEND AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACES.—
The contest between Oxford and Cambridge still finds matter for discussion, and it may not be out of seek? It may be full of broken glass, bones, chips,

pebbles, old bottles, eh?

penoics, old notices, enr."
"It may," said Earnshaw, slowly, "and I have
no proof whatever that it is the box we seek, but I
have a conviction that it is. Will you come with
me in the morning, bring lamps, spades, everything we require, and will you help me to carry the box

Most assuredly I will. I hope I shan't have a th of the gout in consequence of the exposure;

"Most assuredly I will. I hope I shan's have a touch of the gout in consequence of the exposure; but I will certainly go."

The next morning everything in the landscape was sheeted with white, but the sun shone brilliantly, and Earnshaw set off with Mr. Gollon on the expedition to the ruins. The two genitemen walked and carried their tools. Nobody thought much of such a scholar as Earnshaw starting on an exploring expedition despite the cold inclument weather. despite the cold inclement weather.

"He fancies he shall light upon the thigh bone of Crusader," said Sir Random, shrugging his

shoulders.

They went away amid some scoffing. Arrived at the ruins, and favoured by daylight, Earnshaw and his friend were not very long before they found the low wooden door in the massive wall of a stone

archway. When pushed, it opened inwards, and discovered the black mouth of the passage.

"It does not seem at all terrible by daylight," said Earnshaw, "and yet how horrible it was the other night. See, there is no lock, bolt or handle; it opens

e the swing door of a public office.'

like the swing door of a public office."

The two gentlemen entered the vault, and at once lighted the two lanterns which they carried. There was a large space around them, quite a square room. To the left the ground sloped gradually downwards, and led towards the narrow passage between the two walls where Earnshaw had seen the nightmare creature who haunted Dungarvon.

Walking along steadily, and looking at the ground as they walked, the two searchers for the lost box came at last to a place where stones and roughness

gave evidence that a spade had been at work.

At once they set down their lanterns and began to dig. Yes, heaven be thanked! the spade of Earnshaw struck against something hard and metallic, and in a few moments up came the box.

hn Gollon shouted aloud when he saw it

John Gollon shouten around It is the box, it is the same, " he said. to me, quick, quick; ah, and padlocked, too. No key! no key! Evangeline never gave me a key. now I think of it. Earnshaw, I could tear it op with my teeth, I am so impatient."

"I have blacksmith's tools in my rooms at the Towers," replied Earnshaw, speaking calmly, "and I am not afraid that anybody will take the box from me before I reach the house—alb -albeit that we must

Earnshaw grasped the box as he spoke, and turned about towards that portion of the passage which led

about towards that portion of the passage which for to the outlet into the Dungarvon woods.

"Let us leave spades, tools, everything behind us," gasped Gollon, "encumber yourself with nothing but that box. I will carry the light; now hasten on. I feel as if somebody would wrest it from us again, but this time I shall fight to the death for it.

Scarcely had the words left Mr. Gollon's lips when the sounds of footsteps approaching startled the two gentlemen, and almost instantly they were confronted by the unearthly-looking being who haunted Dun-garvon. His lank, long hair was flying on his garvon. His lank, long hair was a shoulders, his ragged garments, pallid face, great staring eyes, at once stupid, cunning and fierce.

There was the creature before them. With a wild flying on his

howl he made a dash at Earnshaw, and endeavoured to throw the box out of his hands, but Earnshaw was now prepared for the attack. He felt that his deepest interests were at stake; he held the box tightly in his left hand, and dealt a desperate blow upon the upturned face of the lunatic. The creature uttered a shriek, reeled, and fell backwards.

"Heaven grant I have not killed him," cried Earn-

"It was in self-defence, if you have," said Mr. Gollon. "I never saw a more scientifically-dealt blow, but you have not killed him."

Mr. Gollon was bending over the poor creature as

he spoke.

"You have only stunned him, he breathes; let us drag him out into the air, and I'll watch him while you have not and all of the first narron you meet to hurry home, and send the first person you meet to St. Edmond's for a doctor."

St. Edmond's for a doctor.

It was a proof of the warm, generous heart of
John Gollon, that, impatient as he was about the
box, he should have offered to keep kindly watch
over the sick lunatic. Between them they dragged the man along the passage to the other door, which they were not long in finding by the aid of their lamp, and once in the cold air, the wrotched creature, whom Earnshaw had stunned, breathed loudly, and even opened his eyes.
"Harry, Lord Dungarvon," said the poor fellow,

with a bar-a cruel iron bar.

Then the poor idiot burst into that harsh, horrible laugh, which had so often startled the servants at

Dungarvon Towers.

Earnshaw, who knew little of the circumstances connected with the death of the young noble, was more amazed at finding the creature could speak at all, than at the news which he related.

"Let us take him down to that cottage in the hol-low," said he, "and we will send Doctor West to

Again between them they dragged the poor fellow along. In the cottage was only a deaf old woman, whom they instructed by signs to let the man lie down before the fire, and it turned out that Mr. Goldown before the arc, and it turned out that Mr. Col-lon had a brandy flask in his pocket. With some dif-ficulty a few drops were forced between the idiot's teeth. They left him sleeping in a half-stupor, and on the way home, Earnshaw dismissed a lad whom he met to St. Edmond's for Doctor West, with full ne met to St. Edmond's for Doctor West, with full directions where he would find his patient. But the reader is, doubtless, by this time impatient to see that box opened which has remained closed and hidden during the whole course of this story.

Safely locked in the private room of Earnshaw, the two gentleman proceeded to unpick the rusted padlock. It was done at last, and yellow parch-

padlock. It was done at last, and yellow parch-ments, closely, neatly written upon came in sight. With eager, trembling hands, these were drawn forth, and now wild amazement held Earnshaw silent, while Mr. John Gollon capered about the room in the excess

of his exultant joy.

The first of the parchments was a marriage certi-The first of the parchinents was a marriage certificate between Henry, Lord Dungarvon and Evangeline Rivers. The marriage had been performed in the chapel of Dungarvon Towers, by a certain Rev. Joseph Taylor, chaplain to the then Earl of Dungar-This marriage had been a secret one, and then John Gollon remembered having heard that the said Rev. Joseph Taylor had been private tutor to Lord Henry, and the young nobleman must have made him his confidant. It had been a singular fate which had caused the chaplain to fall in hunting, and soin-jure his head that he had become insane, for there could now be no doubt that the very patient in the asylum and the Rev. Joseph Taylor were one and the same person.

same person.

The second parchment was a register of the birth
and baptism of Percy Earnshaw Dungarvon, son of
Henry Dungarvon and Evangeline, his wife. Evidently Lord Henry had at one time meant well and
fairly by the woman he had married. But by whom fairly by the woman he had married. had the box been stolen and buried? That still re-

mained a mystery.

"I will seek Lamotte at once," cried Mr. Gollon.
"I will tell him the whole story. I will let him know that if he goes to law with you about these estates he will only incur a certain loss."

"Do as you like," said Earnshaw; "but I should wish to speak to Mr. Lamotte myself."

The afternoon was closing in when Mr. Gollon The atternoon was closing in when Mr. Gollon and Percy Earnshaw Dungarvon knocked at the library door of Mr. Lamotte, and craved admittance. Permission was given to enter. They saw the silver-haired old squire standing by the mantelpiece, his face care-worn and aged to a degree. The changes which passed over it when Mr. Gollon told the tale would be difficult to describe. Then he pre-Then he pathe tale would be difficult to describe. ced the room from end to end in a wild, distraught manner. Suddenly stopping in front of Earnshaw,

manner. Suddenly stopping in Iront of Larisman, he exclaimed:

"I see the likeness to the Cavalier Dungarvon in the picture gallery who fought for Charles Stuart. It is useless"—here the squire sat down—"it is useless to contend against fate. And so Henry had a wife and son all the time—if I had known—"

The old man groaned aloud; his pride seemed broken at last. Then starting wildly to his feet, he laid his hand on Earnshaw's shoulder.

broken at last. Then starting wildly to his feet, ne laid his hand on Earnshaw's shoulder.

"Let me fly," he whispered, "I have reason to fly. I have an enemy in the camp: Oscar Arkwright, the man whose eyes turn white with wickedness, has been chosen by Heaven to punish me for a crime committed long, long ago. When he discovers that committed long, long ago. When he discovers that he can gain nothing—that I cannot purchase his silence—he will give me over to disgrace and death! Young man, you come of noble birth," the old squire fell on his knees to Earnshaw, "hear the confession of a guilty wretch, who sues to you for mercy; I am your distant cousin too—say, would you send me to the gallows?'

"As the grandfather of Cathleen, whom I love more than my life," cried Earnshaw, placing his hand on the old man's arm, "you are sacred in my sight." Then the old squire confessed the deadly crime committed in the "Raven" Inn, twenty years before. He said that Oscar knew all, through Grey, the miller, and had threatened him with exposure, unless he gave him the hand of his grandchild. He said also that Bob, a boy who had been greatly in the con-

in a hoarse voice. "He was hit, and hit, and hit, fidence of Lord Dungarvon, had entered the room at the "Raven" just as he, Ambrose Limotte, was quitting it, all bloodstained. The boy received such a shock that he fainted. He was but a slight child, and the murderer had carried him out in his arms. When he came to life again, his senses had flow for ever.

Ambrose Lamotte had protected him ever since, had brought him secretly to the Towers, and placed him under the care of a keeper, a man who was supposed in the household to hold the position simply of posed in the household to hold the position simply of an under-butler, but this man had taken care of Bob, and had always kept the affair secret. The poor fellow frequently escaped, and wandered about the house; and the superstitious fears of the servants prevented discovery, since they supposed the lunatic to be a ghost.

And now Gollon and Earnshaw perceived how likely it was that Houry Dungaryon, who had now

likely it was that Henry Dungarvon, who had not been the kindest of husbands to Evangeline, had followed her down to Baymouth with Bob, and pro-bably Bob had stolen the box, and buried it under the ruins at the order of his master. Hence the frequent visits of the poor lunatio to the spot; his feeble memory refusing to tell him more than that such a box was hidden, and he had gone there constantly with some dim notion of seeing if it were safe. As for the man who died of hunger in London, and who knew something of the box, it was supposed that Bob might, as a lad, have made some half con-

that Bob might, as a lad, have made some half confidences with a person who tried to trade on the secret, without fully understanding it.

"And now, Lamotte," said Mr. Gollon, solemnly "you have been a great sinner; but we forgive, as we hope to be forgiven. I shall advise my client, the new Earl of Dungarvon, to give you twenty thousand pounds; and I hope you will start for London this night; the sooner you put the sea between you and us the better."

and us the better.

At this moment Cathleen rushed into the room. She was dressed in white, and a scarlet rose was twined in her raven hair. When she saw Earnshaw

She was dressed in white, and a scattet rose was twined in her raven hair. When she saw Earnshaw she paused, blushed, and finally advanced towards him, holding out both her hands.

"Grandpapa," she said, "that insolent Arkwright has just told me that I am to marry him; he has driven me nearly wild—what does it mean? I am pledged, heart and soul, to Percy Earnshaw; I care to me arthing for your wealth."

pleuged, neart and sont, to verey barnsnaw; I care not one farthing for your wealth."

Earnshaw caught her to his heart.

"Cathleen," he said, "you will be Countess of Dungarvon." Then he told her all the pleasant portions of the story, and Cathleen, no longer the heir-

ess, wept for very joy.

In the midst of this, a sudden rap on the door was

In the midst of this, a sudden rap on the door was followed by the entrance of Oscar Arkwright.

"Madam," cried Oscar, stamping his foot, "what is this I see? Have I not told you that you are bound to me, you, every penny, and every foot of land you possess—either that, or your old grandfather——"

At that moment a hoarse, cackling laugh sounded from the half. Another moment and the singular.

from the hall. Another moment and the singular old lady in green spectacles who had travelled up with Oscar from Hants, came, without ceremony, into the room. She approached Oscar, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Surrender," she said, in a deep manly voice, "I arrest you on a charge of wilful murder, the murder of your wife and of her nurse. Your movements or your wife and of her nurse. Your movements have been watched from the time that you buried the two bodies under the finger-post on the common one starless night. You were seen by a boy who had fallen asleep in a hedge; he awakened and who had fallen asleep in a hedge; he awakened and saw a man shovelling something tied up in sheets into the ground. Afterwards he spoke of it, and suspicion fell upon the old man at the cottage on the Wild's Chase. Neither wife nor nurse were seen to leave the house. After you came to London the house was searched and found empty. My name is Lawson the detective."

While the discussed officer spoke Oseav had drawn.

Lawson the detective."
While the disguised officer spoke, Oscar had drawn a paper from his pocket; he placed it to his mouth, and in a few minutes the guilty land-stoward fell forward dead into the arms of the sharp detective. His wicked, beautiful eyes were closed for ever.
That very night Squire Lamotte left Dungarvon. A few weeks afterwards, when all the unpleasant talk had blown over, the new Earl of Dungarvon was married to Cathleen Lamotte. Their union has been hanny in every respect. Their charities are as was married to Cathleen Lamotte. Their union has been happy in every respect. Their charities are as boundless as is their love for each other. Poor Bob was well taken care of. Miss Leech has left the county, and her name is no more remembered.

THE END.

CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF NAPOLEON I .- This CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF NAPOLEON I.—This year, on the 15th of August, the hundredth anniversary of the First Emperor's birth is to be celebrated with much solemnity at Ajaccio. It is said that the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial will be prequit

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ent. In June the twentieth anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's reign is to be kept at Turin; at Rome Emmanuter reign is to be kept at Turn'; at Aome the fiftieth of the first mass performed by the present Pope; and at Monaco the twenty-fifth of the reign of his Majesty Charles III., sovereign of the smallest kingdom in Europe, namely Monaco.

# THE PROPHECY.

Author of "Oliver Darrel," "Michel-dever," &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER XV.

When Ashford saw the carriage roll rapidly away, leaving only a strange man in the road, he paused in astonishment, and then quickened his pace till he reached the gate towards which Benton was lei-

reached the gate towards which bound was averaged walking.

Ashford called out in a loud tone:

"Hillo, sir! was not that Mrs. Whitney's carriage? I am sure I could not have been mistaken." "No, you were not mistaken, Hi Ash," replied a voice that drove every drop of colour from the dark,

surly face of the man whose name he thus abbreviated. With a visible effort he said:

"Is it you, Claude Benton? You are the only man have ever known who called me thus, and what has brought you across my path the evil one only learns."

knowa."

"Perhaps, as he has long been a familiar of yours, he may enlighten you, Ashford," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "I stopped here to let you know that your little girl got a knock on her head to-day, and she was too ill to be brought home this afternoon. Of course your wife remained with her. As I proclaimed myself an old friend of yours, I was intrusted with this message to you."

myself an old friend of yours, I was intrusted with this message to you."

"You, you declared yourself my friend! Well, let that pass for the present. What has happened to Fanty? By heaven, if that stupid woman has per-mitted the child to run into any danger—if she is se-riously hurt, I will make her mother pay dearly for

it."

"Really, Hi, I didn't give you credit for such strong paternal feeling—though I am sorry to hear you threaten that poor, broken-down wife of yours. It wasn't her fault that your wilful daughter insisted on learning how to ride, and got a fall from the pony. It was lucky it wasn't a horse."

"Why don't you tell me the extent of the injury?" cried Ashford, in a tone of fury. "You are playing with my feelings, and I won't stand it. The child is—is—no I sha'n't tell you what she is to me. You know she is mine, and if you had the feelings of a man you would not keep me in this state of wretched man you would not keep me in this state of wretched

I wonder now how much of that is due to "I wonder now how much of that is due to parental affection, or to a knowledge of how much this little girl may be worth to you in the future," said Benton, contemplating his companion curiously. "But I'll relieve your anxiety on Fantasia's account. Her skull was not fractured, nor any of her limbs broken. I saw the accident, and thanks to me, she received such assistance as will prevent any serious effects from the fall. You see you are debtor to me for more than recent. Hi"

Ashford drew a long breath, and said:

"So you have tracked me at last. I am obliged to
you for what you say you have done for the child,
and as to the other debt, I can make all that square.

and as to the other debt, I can make all that square. I have laboured hard to get into a position to return you what—what I borrowed from you so many years ago. You must know that I only regarded that money as a loan, Benton."

"As a loan—ha! ha! yes—of course; but it is not customary for men to borrow money without the consent of the owner. You've hadit a long time too, and not a halfpenny of interest has ever been paid; but I have come for my pound of flesh, Antonio, and I shall get it more cleverly than Shylock did."

Ashford's face darkened as he said:

"I have told you that I have the means to pay you, and I shall do so. I have heard of you at intervals,

and I shall do so. I have heard of you at intervals, and I was aware that the small sum I withheld was not important to you; while to me, till very lately, it would have been ruinous to repay it. Now it is different; I can return it, with enough added to it to induce you to refrain from injuring me by making this little affair public."

"I am glad to hear that you are so rich, Hi, as to talk of two hundred pounds, with seventeen years' compound interest, as a trifle. That in itself makes a nice little sum, besides what you propose to add as

hush-money."
Ashford winced at this, and set his teeth hard, but

Ashlord whited at this, and so after a moment, he said:
"Let us go into the house. Of course you must spend the night with me, now you are here; I will see what can be done towards a fair settlement. We

were boys together, and I don't suppose you came here with the intention of ruining me."

"Oh, no, my dear fellow. I have a plan in my head for serving you, if you will entertain it. I "Oh, no, my dear fellow. I have a plan in my head for serving you, if you will entertain it. I should be sorry to do you any harm, in spite of the shabby trick you played me when I was fool enough to trust you. But we will let bygones be bygones, if you will agree to what I came hither to propose."

"I shall not be likely to refuse any settlement to which I can fairly accede. Let us go in, and have supper now. After that is over, we can talk of business matters."

"It is not long since I dined but I am quite ready."

"It is not long since I dined, but I am quite ready for supper. This mountain air sharpens one's appetite wonderfully."

The two passed through the gate, and walked on in silence several moments. Then Ashford abruptly

"How did you find out where I live, and how came you in so secluded a neighbourhood as this?"
"You know that I am a wanderer by profession. I could have settled myself down with a good engagement in London as a stock actor, but I prefer being master of a cravan of bipeds myself, to serving any other man; we have been making a summer tour, and chance alone brought me to Greenville, which is only twenty miles from here. I heard the which is only twenty miles from here. I heard the name of Ashford there, and on inquiring about the man that bore it, I easily satisfied myself of his identity with you. You have evaded me very cleverly all these years, Hi, but I felt very sure that I should come up with you some day, and you see that my faith has borne fruit. At the time that money was taken I could ill afford to spare it, but for the sake of old times, I would not set the police after you. If I had, you would hardly be here now, living snugly on your own land. I was told that you are the proprietor of this place."

"And if I am, would you call this an enviable possession? A few hundred acres of worn-out land, which will only afford subsistence to sheep, and an old house, which is ready to tumble about my ears, are not much to boast of, after so many years of toil and struggle. I have not been a successful man, Benton, but I can scrape together enough to satisfy your claim, without absolute ruin to myself."

"I am glad to hear it; but, as you said before, let

claim, without absolute ruin to myself."

"I am glad to hear it; but, as you said before, let business alone till supper is dispatched, and we can talk our affairs over quietly."

By this time they had reached the entrance to the house, and Ashford, with small show of welcome, invited his quondam friend to enter. He led the way to the parlour, and then left Benton alone, while he went to inform Lethe that his wife would not return home that night. home that night.

Supper was soon after served, and the woman waited on the two, wondering who and what this stranger could be, who made himself so free and easy in the presence of his grim host. Benton jested, laughed at his own wit, and forced the reluctant master of the house to reply, seemingly unconscious himself of the ungracious manner of his entertainer. When they at length arose from the table, Ashford

said to the servant :

said to the servant:

"Place a lamp in the parlour, and close up your part of the house. This gentleman and myself will sit up late, and I will lock the front door myself before we retire. See that everything is in order in the spare bedroom, and leave a light there."

"I will attend to all, Mr. Ashford; but about the breakfast. If you are up so late, will you want it at

six o'clock?"

six o'clock?"

"Six o'clock! By Shakespeare's ghost, have you turned Goth, Ashford, that the minister of your lares and penates asks such a question as that? In the days when we were Damon and Pythias, you never the state of a matin and particular that the state of days when we were Damon and Pytnas, you never dreamed of a matin meal earlier than ten. My good woman, I shall trouble you for but one meal more, but that must be served at a civilised hour."

The woman looked inquiringly at Ashford, and with an attempt to laugh pleasantly, he said:

"I have fallen into country habits, Benton, but my

The worst shall not incommode you. Keep back breakfast till ten, Lethe, and I shall take nothing but a cup of coffee before that time."

The woman appeared to be amazed at this concession on the part of her employer, for she had learned that he considered himself and his will of more improvement than anything class in his small world; but that he considered nimsel and his while of more im-portance than anything else in his small world; but she understood her position too well to make any audible comment on the order she had received. But when she joined Jonah in the kitchen, she indomni-

when she joined Jonah in the kitchen, she indomnified herself by saying:

"That stranger knows something about Mr. Ashford that he don't want told. I saw him cower more than once when he alluded to the days when they were like brothers. Just think of a praying man like Mr. Ashford being good friends with such a fellow as that. Why, I could not make out more than half his talk, and he must be very fond of fighting, for he was talking of shaking a spear every little while."

Jonah oracularly replied:
"Praying and preaching isn't the whole duty of man, Lethe. The Almighty believes in doing too.
That's where master fails, but maybe he has good

Intest water master tails, but maybe he has good intentions.

"Who is that you are so freely discussing?" asked the voice of Ashford through the open door. "You had better take to heart the Scriptural injunction, 'Judge not, lest ye be judged,' and attend to what concerns your own affairs. Bring glasses and a jug of water into the parlour, Lethe, and place beside them the brandy I bought a few days ago. I only use liquor as a medicine; but my guest is not a temperance man, and his wants must be supplied. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," was the somewhat flurried response, for Lethe feared that Ashford had guessed pretty accurately who had been the subject of conversation between herself and Jonah.

"See that you do," was the curt response, as the speaker walked away.

"See that you do," was the curt response, as the speaker walked away.

Jonah rolled his eyes, and presently said:
"It is the truth that listeners never hear any good of themselves. Why did he explain about that spirit? Does he want me to believe that the Divine Spirit is all he cares for, when I know that the bottle is alway kept full from the demijohn he keeps locked up in the closet; no—not full, neither, for he empties it often enough on the sly; but it's like the widow's cruise of oil, for it never stays empty."

Ashford satisfied himself that his retainers had retired to their nightly rest, before he invited Benton to the conference he dreaded, yet could not escape. The thought of rendering up any portion of his ill-gotten gains was as wormwood to him, and as yet he saw but one alternative.

saw but one alternative.

He remembered Benton as a careless man about money in other days, and he hoped that an avaricious spirit had not succeeded the prodigal one, as is often the case; for if he demanded the uttermost farthing of the debt so basely incurred, a large deficit would be found in the sum Ashford had hoarded with an object best known to himself.

Twilingth had fadd into night and the manner was

object best known to himself.

Twilight had faded into night, and the moon was rising above the crest of the distant hills, when the host at last thought itsafe to discuss the topic of such vital moment to himself, without danger of a listener prowling within earshot. He at length said:

"We had better go in now. The dew is beginning to fall heavily, and I am not so romantic as to care about loitering in the moonlight. Besides, what we have to say had better be spoken without farther delay. Will you come?"

"With all the placeure in it.

have to say had better be spoken without farther de-lay. Will you come?"

"With all the pleasure in life. I have been wait-ing for you to indicate your readiness. I do not care to be considered a carking spirit of mischief to a man who was once my friend, and may be so again, if it so pleaseth him. Lead on, Macduff. I follow."

"Pray, lay aside that spouting; there is no one to hear you save myself, and my taste inclines no more to theatrical rant. I am but a sober, matter-of-fact

"Then let us deal in facts. I am agreeable. I'm "Then let us deal in facts. I am agreeable. I'm with you in anything you propose, my dear Damon." They went into the lighted room, and Ashford drew up a chair to the table on which the light was placed, and carolessly said:
"You used to like good liquor, Claude, and I can recommend that before you. I keep it in the house in case of illness, but I rarely touch it myself. Pray help wourself, and feel as if you are quite at home."

in case of illness, but I rarely touch it myself. Pray help yourself, and feel as if you are quite at home." "Thanks. I shall certainly do that; it is my way; and in your house I feel as if I had the right to be perfectly free and easy. But you have greatly changed from the man you once were, if you have no fondness for the glass 'that cheers but not inebriates.' I used to think that you were in danger of liking it to wall in our younger days."

liking it too well in our younger days."

"Perhaps I was; but I fled from temptation, and it has ceased to assail me, in that shape at least. I have been a sinner in more ways than one, but I have repented in sackcloth and ashes, and it was my ose to make amends for the wrong I did you, if you had not come to demand restitution. even if you had not come to demand restitution. That money did not prosper in my hands, though other ventures have; I lost the greater part of it, and therefore, I hope you will not be too hard on me in the settlement you ask."

Benton was slowly sipping the brandy and water he had mixed, but he suddenly set it down with a changed face, and looking firmly into the eyes of Ashford aterply asked.

Ashford, sternly asked:

"Why have you offered me drugged liquor? Was it your treacherous purpose to rid yourself of me while I slept? A thief is but a hair's breadth removed from a murderer, and I suppose you are ready to pass that line to save the money you love better than your own soul. You are a devil, Hi Ash, and I have half a mind to send you to join your brethren in As he spoke, he drew from his breast-pocket a pistol, which he presented at the head of the pale man confronting him. Ashford seemed for the moment to lose all presence of mind. He trembled visibly, and his eyes sunk before the angry gaze fixed on him. He hearsaly maid. on him. He hoarsely said:

"Fire and kill me on my own hearthstone. Death will be better than the loss of all I possess. I con-—I would have rid myself of you, and the accusation you can bring against me. cusation you can bring against me. You came hither to impoverish and then expose me; your professions of moderation do not deceive me. I knew you too well in other days not to understand the lurking demon that is under all your pleasantry, Claude Benton."

Benton dropped the muzzle of the pistol, and with a careless laugh said:

"I will be kinder to you than you designed being to me. You think all men as bad as yourself; but, thank heaven, I claim no kindred with such as you, though I make no pretensions to being a saint. Pour

though I make no pretensions to being a saint. Pour that brandy out of the window, and sit down opposite to me, that I may read every expression of your face while we speak together. You must have thought me a precious fool if you supposed I would venture ato your house without being armed, and quick to de-ect any treacherous move on your part."

Ashford moved as if mechanically towards the

open window, and dashed the bottle into fragments on the earth below. He then came back, sat down on the chair Benton placed for him, and after a pause,

sullenly asked:

"What have you now to say? I would have killed you, I confess it, and there are many who would think me justified in putting out of the way

would think me justified in putting out of the way the man who has my good name in his power."
"Your good name! Great heaven! what a wretch this must be, who is ready to sacrifice the friend of his youth on such a pretext as that! Demons might think you justified, but not men. I came to you in think you justined, but not men. I came to you have set in action all the gall in my nature, and now I will compel you to submit to the terms I shall dictate."

What do you then demand from me? Let me know the utmost extent of your claims at once."

Benton sat down again, placed his pistol within reach of his hand, and said:

"We had best come to business at once. You stole from me two hundred pounds seventeen years stole from me two hundred pwith compound interest ago, and I demand that sum, with compound interest ago, and I demand that sum, with compound interest ago, and I demand to ago, and ready to at twenty-nee per cent. You be a sted to-night of your ability to pay, and I hope you are ready to prove it, for I am not in a humour to wait longer for my dues.

Ashford's face became livid.

"That is extortion. Even my reputation as an honest man will be saved at too great a price, if I agree to such a demand as that. I should have nothing left for my wife and child. You cannot ask

me to bring them to beggary.

me to bring them to beggary."

"I am glad that you have some consideration for those dependent on you," said Benton, ironically.
"I am afraid, however, it is only a pretext to save something for yourself. Pay me what I have the right to exact as the price of your former villany, and I will provide out of it for your wife and daughter; but for them alone, mark you. You may begin where you were when I took you up and trusted you, for you shall derive no benefit from what I may choose to give them." choose to give them.'

"Suppose I refuse, what then?" asked Ashford,

doggedly.

"You know well enough, without being told. Arrest, imprisonment, loss of caste, and long years passed at hard labour in the penitentiary. A pleasant

passed at fair disbour in the Pententiary. A pressant prospect, inn't it?"

"You could not do it. You were not grasping or hard-hearted in the days when I knew you best. I am not a good man, Claude Benton, but if I had the power I would not ruin you as utterly as you threaten

"Ha! ha! here is a fellow who was ready to take "Ha! ha! here is a fellow who was ready to take my life, yet he declares he would not strip me of my worldly pelf. 'He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches my' sacred life thinks it a less crime than the other. The greed of gain has been your curse, Hiram Ashford, and it has brought you to this. You are a wretched, canting hypocrite, with scarcely a redeeming trait in your mean and grovel-ling nature."

ling nature."

"Come, enough of that, if you please. I am what I am, and you have no right to sit in judgment upon me, for you are no saint yourself. Since you have turned usurer on so extortionate a scale, I suppose the only chance for me is to submit to your demands; but I swear to you that all I have accumulated will be swallowed up by this infernal debt. Will you not consent to take legal interest, Bonton?

I could manage that, and not quite sink under it."

Benton looked at him a few moments in silence

and then abruptly asked:

"Has it never occurred to you that in this child of

yours you possess something as valuable as a gold mine? I heard her declaiming in the woods to-day, and she does credit to your teaching."

A gleam of hope passed over Ashford's face. He looked steadily at his companion, and slowly said:

"You have seen Fantasia act her little part, then, and recognised her powers. That is the secret of your exorbitant demands on me. You are an actoryou wish to secure this infant phenomenon, and introduce her to the public. A few hours ago I would have thought it impossible to allow another to reap the golden harvest she is sure to win some day: but the golden harvest she is sure to win some day; but now it is different. To save myself in the present, I must sacrifice future gains. Am I not right as to

With a sneer, Benton replied:
"You are very quick to catch at a chance of saving yourself by the sacrifice of another, even if the victim offered up is your own child. I suppose you will liken yourself to the old patriarch who was ready to lay his son on the altar at the command of his God—and in one respect there is a recomblement for you lay yours on the only shrine you worship at—that of Mammon. Well, admitting that I have taken a fancy to this little mime, at what figure would you estimate her value?"

Ashford promptly replied:

"Release me from this accursed debt, pay me a cousand pounds, and the child is yours. I will for-

mally relinquish all claims to her."

"Really, I hardly expected such prompt acquiescence on your part. But what will her mother say conce on your part. But what will her mother say to this transfer? She seems wrapped up in her daughter, and with the prejudices education has in-stilled in Mrs. Ashford against my profession, I fear that she will not consent to the bargain and sale you seem so ready to ratify.

Ashford winced a little at the last words, but he

sullenly replied:

"I do not sell the child to you. I save myself by allowing you to take charge of her, and direct her professional education. As to my wife, it matters little what she may say in opposition to my wishes: she knows already that I destine Fantasia to the stage; and I have the right to control the fate of my own daughter.

Benton regarded him a few moments in silence and then asked:

"Have you no fears for Mrs. Ashford's health, if such a shock as a separation from her only child were to assail her? She seems to me in a very precondition.

Ashford shrugged his shoulders.

"If your sympathies are aroused for her, you may take them both, and I would abute the sum I named, to rid myself of the plague of being a family man To tell you the truth, my wife is no longer attractive to me; she is silly, sentimental, wearies me with her sad looks because I no longer play the lover to her. The child was a nuisance to me till I discovered the talent she possesses. Since then, I have used my best efforts to cultivate her precocious with a view to her appearance on the stage as soon as she is old enough.

as soon as she is old enough."

"I am afraid that Mrs. Ashford would not be a
very desirable acquisition to me, even if she would
consent to follow the vagabond sort of life which is
my delight. To take both would also be rather an
expensive experiment, for the little girl could be no advantage to me at first. To introduce her with proper effect, she must be thoroughly drilled, and

proper office, she mass be tastongeny trimed, and propared for the part she is to perform."
"That will be little trouble, for Fantasis has the most remarkable memory, and she seems to under-stand intuitively the true meaning of the words put in her mouth. I tell you she is a wonder, and will produce a favore that will make your fortune before she is of an age to emancipate herself from your control. But for the strait in which I am placed, you should not have her for less than twenty thousand down. She'd be cheap at that—dirt cheap. As to Mrs. Ashford, she would not be dependent on you, for she has a sufficient income arising from money left in trust for her by old Falconer, the former owner of this place. He lived with us, and she took good care of him in his last illness; there-fore he left her all he had."

"Humph! So much the better for her! And you really are willing to shift off both wife and child, and leave them to my tender mercies? You must have much greater faith in me, than I have in you, Hiram Ashford, or you could never consent to uch a transfer."

"What else can I do? So far as I see, there is no other course open to me. Laura would mourn herself to death, if I sent the child off without her; indeed I believe she would follow her at all risks."

"Perhaps she would follow ner at all risks."

"Perhaps she would, if life enough were left in her to attempt it; but the shock of knowing what you had done with her child, would destroy her. I have talked with your wife, Hi, and I feel more compas-

sion for her than you evince. In my opinion, her days are numbered, and I will do nothing to shorten them. Fantasia is yet too young to be of much importance to me, and it is my plan to allow her to remain with her mother two years longer, receiving from you such instructions as your former stage experience will enable you to give her. You understand elecution, and have successful taught it, I stand electrical, and have successful taught it, I know. I can trust you to develop her powers, and save me the expense and trouble of carrying her around with my troupe, till she is of an age to be of some use to me. I will release you from the debt you owe me, if you consent to this arrangement: when the child is given up to me as her legal guardian until she is twenty-one, I will pay you one hundred pounds annually till she is free to act for herself. I think that a very liberal offer, and it is the utmost I will do.

Ashford frowned, and bit his lip discontentedly. "Two more years of bondage to be borne," he muttered, "but that is better than the alternative of giving up all I have hoarded for future enjoyment." After a few moments of vexed thought, he added.

aloud:
"Pay the nine hundred down when the child is given up to you, and I consent to do all you wish. She is a prize worth far more than that."

She is a prize worth far more than that."

"That remains to be proved," said the other, drily.

"Moreover, I could not command so large a sum at once. If Fantasia proves a good speculation, I shall be able to pay your annuity from her earnings, which will be a fair arrangement. I take all the risks myself, and if she should fail, you will have secured at least safety for yourself, and a release from the debt you owe me."

least safety for yourself, and a release from the debt you owe me."

"Since I can do no better, I suppose I must accept what you are willing to give. But what security can you offer that the promised annuity will be paid?"

"When you bind your daughter to me for the term of years mentioned, I will give you my note. You know that I always paid my debts when you were my comrade, and you can satisfy yourself that I still do so before your daughter is given up to me."

"It is a bargain then. At the end of two years, I shall be free to go without I he gade and greaty myself."

shall be free to go whither I please, and repay myself for the deadly monotony I have so long endured. You should be able to understand how distasteful the life I have been compelled to pass in this dreary solitude must be to one of my temperament and antecedents. I have laboured steadily to enable myself to escape from it, with means at my command, and you cannot blame me if I avail myself of the opportunity you offer me, to throw aside my burden and breathe once more a free man."

Benton laughed cynically, and asked:

Benton laughed cynically, and asked:

"What use do you propose to make of this coveted freedom? I suppose I may inquire."

"I shall enjoy life in my own way. I will wear a mask no longer, but show myself as I really am, and it will go hard with me if I do not indemnify myself for all the hypocrises I have been compelled to practice, to make the narrow-minded world around me believe that I am a respectable, God-fearing man. Pah! it makes me sick to think what social shams are tolerated, and to know that I am one among them. I tried to be good, but it was no go; the old adversary had too strong a grip on me, and I have only chafed and worried at the necessity of keeping up appearances."

Benson laughed aloud at this frank confession. He

appearances.

presently asked:

"If the life of Mrs. Ashford should prove better than I think, and she is in existence at the end of the stipulated time for giving up Fantasis to me, what is to be done? I scarcely think your proposal to take her with the child can be carried into effect."

"Why not? Fanty will need someone to look after her, and her mother would be the most suitable erson. When it comes to a question of sacrificing er fantastical notions, or a separation from her darling, Laura will become a proselyte to the actor's creed, and learn to believe that they are not such miserable sinners as she has been taught to think.
At the end of the two years I shall take the child to
you, and she may go or stay, as seems best to her."
Benton arose, and walked the floor a few moments.
He looked through the open window, and shivered

He looked through the open window, and shivered as he saw the lonely valley flooded with moonlight, which caused the cedars in the yard and the forest-trees beyond to cast dense shadows on the earth; and he felt some sympathy for the man who had so long dwelt in this lonely place, though he cherished for him the deepest contempt.

After a few momenta, he said:

"I think we understand each other, and farther discussion of this subject is useless. I am not sure that I have made a very good bargain for myself.

discussion of this subject is useless. I am not sure that I have made a very good bargain for myself, but I am willing to stand to it, even if Mrs. Ashford must become a part of my movable baggage. I am very much fatigued, for I have walked many miles to-day, and I shall be glad to retire. I am not afraid

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to sleep under the same roof with you, Hi Ash, although you did make that futile and cowardly attempt to drug me."

"It was only laudanum that was in the brandy, and if you had drank it all, it would only have made you sleep soundly enough to be easily smothered But I hardly think I should have had the courage to kill you, even if I could have done so with impunity," was the sullen response.

"Oh, yes, you would; such men as you only fear consequences, not acts, however wicked," replied Benton, carelessly. "I shall sleep with my pistol on my pillow, and the slightest noise in my room arouses me."

me."
With this assurance, he followed Ashford to the room formerly occupied by Mr. Falconer. When he was left alone, he locked the door, and tried the fastenings to the shutters. Finding all secure, he threw himself in bed, and was soon in a sound sleep.

(To be continued.)

#### FACETIÆ.

When is money damp?—When it is dew in the morning and mist at night.

ESTIMATE OF AN ENGINEER.

A western engineer tells the following story about himself :

"Once the train stopped to wood and water at a small station in Indiana. While this operation was going on, I observed two green-looking countrymen in 'homespun' curiously inspecting the locomotive, and occasionally giving vent to expressions of astonishment. Finally, one of them looked up to me and said

Stranger, are this a locomotive?'

'Stranger, are this a locomotive?'
'Certainly. Didn't you ever see one before?'
'No, hav'n't never saw one afore. Me'n Bill come
down to the station to-night purpose to see one.
Them's the biler, ain't it?'
'Yes, certainly.'
'What yer call that you're in?'
'We call this the cab.'
'And this bifer wheal?'

'And this big wheel?'
'That's the driving wheel.'
'That big thing on the top is the chimbley, I sup-

Precisely.'
Be you the engineer wot runs the machine?'

I am the engineer.

'Bill,' said the fellow to his mate, after eyeing me closely for a few minutes, "it don't take much of a man to be an engineer, do it?""

"What's the difference between you and my old doll?" asked a little girl of her sister's snoblish bean. "Aw-weally, my little deah, I caunt say." You have an eye-glass and my old doll has a glass eye," said the triumphant urchin.

"What do you mean by 'humbugging,' madam?" asked a homely lawyer of an old lady whom he was cross-examining. "I don't know as I can exactly cross-examining. "I don't know as I can exactly say, sir; but if a lady was to say to you that you're a handsome man, that would be what I'd call hum-

MARSHAL NARVAEZ.

There is rather a good saying attributed to Mar-shal Narvaez, who died the other day. The night before his death he understood his danger, and sent

for his confessor.

"My son," said the reverend father, "at such a moment as this, it is more than ever imperative to

forgive our enemies.'

Enemies, father?" said the dying man, "I have

"All men have them, my son," the priest insisted "Even the best of men.

"I assure you, my father," was the reply, "I have not had any for a long time past. I have shot them

A Young man sent his photograph to his father in the country, saying that he was poor and required money. The father refused, saying that he could not be very poor to be living surrounded by marble vases, rosewood furniture, and choice flowers, as his photograph represented him.

As a corpulent lady was getting into an omnibus, the other afternoon, a cross-grained passenger growled out, "Omnibuses were not intended for elephants." Whereupon the lady, looking at him significantly, said: "An omnibus, like Noah's ark seems intended for all kinds of beasts."

Walking off the Edge.—A Yankee, who went over the big pond some time ago, and who was asked, on going back, how he liked Great Britain "Well," he said, "England was a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy, but," said the Yankee, "I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast

because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

A Cool HAND .- A lady who advertised one day this week, in a morning newspaper, for a house-maid, states the first letter she opened was to the maid, states the first letter she opened was to the following effect:—"Mrs. C. D. presents her compliments to A.B., and will thank her when she has obtained a suitable servant, to forward the other letters to the enclosed Address, Mrs. C. D., being in want of a servant."

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY .- We have it on the ALL ARONG THE DARLEX.—We have it on the authority of the poet that the gay and bearded barley smiles. We have applied to an eminent agriculturist for an explanation of the phenomenon, and he says it smiles from ear to ear.—Fig.

#### THE WOODMAN'S SONG.

I'm up and away ere the dawn of day, While the airy mists of night Hang heavily in a cloudy way, As loath to take their flight, Before the sluggish hill-tops show Their heads, bedecked with light.

On the alender plank my foot-fall 's heard,
Where the rivulet goes by;
And the gushings low from the falls above
Respond with an usual sigh;
Ere the lilies ope to the light of day,
Or the gray trout dart'ning hie.

Through meads where meek-eyed daisies reign, And tender cowslips, too, Before they ope their tiny eyes To kiss the morning dew, I take my way, at the early day, While the silv'ry grass-blades glow.

Through heathlets where my steady tread Disturbs the timid hare, Or rabbits wild, that hasten out To seek their early fare, Ere the lark begins his joyous song, That heralds morning here

To the woods where the light winds sing
While the lofty tree-tops bend,
And the murmuring stream thro' the mossy glen
Its prattling musics tend.
While the flow'ry valleys upwards teem,
Their fumes they sweetly lend.

There I stay through my toiling day; As I toil, each ringing sound,
From the are I ply bids the woods rejoice,
While the echoes sing around,
When the massive oak, thro' the last wrought

stroke, Comes dancing to the ground.

And then when even's cloak falls down, And the distant village bell Tells me the hour of rest has come, I tear me from that quiet dell, Where peace and freedom, blest of shades, Are ever known to dwell.

Yet oft I sing as home I stray, What king could me surpass? How many would cast their crowns away For the joys that I amass. No cares; but thankfulness and rest To crown my labours at the last.

GEO. C. SWAIN.

#### GEMS.

Show may be easily purchased; but happiness is a home-made article

Ir we knew all we desire to know, man would be no longer man.

WHEN a great man stoops or trips, the small men around him suddenly become greater.

THE best guardian of a woman's happiness is her husband's love; and for her honour, her own affec-

THERE is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift-running that we may not cross safely over if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.

#### STATISTICS.

LONDON .- The area of London is about 78,000 LONDON.—The area of London is about 78,000 acres, or nearly 122 square miles. This, it should be understood, is London as defined by the Registrar-General, including Hampstead, Kentish-town, and Stoke Newington on the north; Wandsworth, Norwood, and Sydenham on the south; Bow, Poplar, and Greenwich on the east; and Kensington, Hammersmith, and Fulham on the west. On this area, in-

cluding these suburbs, stand over 400,000 inhabited houses, with an average of nearly eight persons to a house, giving a mean density of 40 persons to each acre. It is now nearly eight years since the last acre. It is now nearly eight years since the acre. Census, and we are dependent upon the estimates for forming an idea of the present population of London. The estimate based upon the rate of increase which prevailed between 1841-61 gives 3,126,635 as the number of inhabitants of this large area to the middle number of inhabitants of this large area to the middle of 1868. The county-rate assessment of 1866 placed the annual value of property in London at 15,261,999l. The Registrar-General informs us that the population of London resides at a mean elevation of 39 feet above Trinity high-water mark. The elevation of London varies from 11 feet below high-water mark in P. Imstead-marshes, to 429 feet above high-water mark in Hampstead. On the north side of the Thames, Fulham, Plmlico, Westminster, and the Isle of Dogs are below high-water mark; on the south-side, Battersea, Kensington, Camberwell, Bermondsey, and Rotherhithe. After Hampstead, the most considerable elevations within the limits of London are Shooter's-hill and Sydenham-hill, respectively 411 feet and 360 feet above high-water mark. feet above high-water mark.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

ACTION OF LIGHT AND RAIN UPON GLASS.—Glass panes, constantly exposed to the action of the sun and rain, are soon deteriorated, as the potash or soda they contain combines with the carbonic acid of the air. A whitish opaqueness is the consequence of this action, and in order to make the pane return to its pristine transparency it should first be rubbed with dilute hydrochloric acid, and then cleaned with moistened whiting. By this means glass in an extreme case of decomposition may be completely restored.

CHEESE AND NUTS .- If the nuts are ripe, and the CHEERE AND NUTS.—If the nuts are ripe, and the cheese old (ripe), they both promote digestion. They should be eaten at the close of dinner. "The digesting agent in both is a peculiar oil, which has the property of acting chemically upon what has been eaten, and thus preparing it for being more easily appropriated to the purposes of nutrition. Many think that the more solid portions of the nut should not be swallowed. This is an error; those particles of solid matter are not digested, it is true, but they are passed through the system unchanced, and act are passed through the system unchanged, and act as a mechanical stimulant to the action of the in-ternal organs, as white mustard seeds, swallowed whole, are known to do, thus preventing that con-stipated condition of the system which is so invariably productive of numerous bodily discomforts and dangerous and even fatal forms of disease."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE racing cups—eleven in number— late Marquis of Hastings, realised 1,950l. -won by the

M. Auber, who has entered his 88th year, has just finished a comic opera in three acts.

CAMBRIDGE has now followed the example of Oxford in admitting students to the University without requiring them to belong to any college.

SEEDS of the cork tree have been brought from Portugal to Florida with a view to test its cultiva-

THE Jewish Feast of Passover happens this year on precisely the same day as that on which it was observed at the time of the crucifixion of our Lord.

THE Emperor, it is said, proposes to call the new Boulevard Saint Germain "Boulevard Lamartine"— an excellent way to keep the memory of the deceased poet green in our souls.

THERE is good reason to believe that in British India no fewer than 10,000 human beings perish annually from snake-bites alone, besides the multitudes who are killed by tigers, bears, hyonas, panthers. and other wild animals

THE newspapers of the City of Mexico says that a poisoned cave exists in the mountains of Jilitia. The air within causes death to any living creature that ventures into it. An Indian died after having entered it a short time since.

A METHOD of sawing boots and shoes with copper wire instead of common thread has been patented; the advantage being that at a very small increase in expense, the durability and strength of the work is much improved.

LAMARTINE had the same hairdresser for eighteen years. This wise barber fortunately preserved the superfluous hair clipped from the head of the deceased poet, and is now enabled to supply all friends and admirers of Lamartine with a lock of his hair—

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. CAMPEN.-Handwriting good.

RUTH.—Trisagion, is a hymn in which the word Holy is repeated three times in succession.

B. O. E.—The presence of a lawyer is not necessary to ake the indenture legal.

KATE.—Practice flows from principle; for as a man or roman thinks, so will they act.

Bella.—The first English cookery-book was printed in

AMY.—Veni, vidi, vici, means "I came, I saw, I conquered." The Vedas, the sucred books of the Hindoos, were written in Sanskrit, about 1000 B.C.

were written in Sanskrit, about 1000 n.c.

B. M. Isaac.—As long as your daughter remains unmarried you are bound to support her. Age has nothing to do with your liability.

ARXIOUS MOTHER.—The sisters are the claimants. If any of the sisters are dead, then the children of these can claim the share falling to their mother.

FEED, A COMSTANT READER.—Please give the name of the institution exactly. There is no institution that we are aware of, named Wright's Institution.

are aware of, named wrights institution.

Robert Downolly.—The act has not been repealed. Frinters are still bound to put their names on every book, pamphlet, poster, see, which they may print.

L. Leelle.—Miss Rye is at present in Liverpool. A letter addressed to the Girls Home, 6, Dover-street, would be sure to reach her.

ould be sure to reach her.

Subscriber.—Knight's Cyclopædia is at present being ublished, in monthly parts and weekly numbers, by fessrs. Bradbury and Evans.

E. B.—To those subject to cramp in the leg, an embro-tion composed of an ounce of camphorated oil, half-an-unce of landanum, and two drachms of sal volatile will ford instant relief.

ALICE LOUISA.—Onions rubbed frequently into the hair, or over the place where hair has once been, in a good restorative, inasmuch as it quickens the circulation. This should be followed, after the lapse of a mouth, by oil of myrtle berries

myrtle berries.

THOMAS.—Parliament is derived from the Norman French Parle-a-ment, meaning that the assembly sonamed met to "speak its mind." The French word parler, means to speak, and "ment," is only a slight change from the Latin word mens, the mind.

FRANK MCNAUGHTEN.—TO remove grease, procure some turpentine and pour over the part that is greasy; rub it till quite dry with a piece of clean fannel. If the grease be not quite removed, repeat the application, and when done brusk the part well, and hang up the garment in the open air to take away the smell.

the open air to take away the smell.

ROBERT.—Tulips were brought to England from Vienna in 1578; it is recorded in the record of Alkmaer, in Holland, that in 1639 120 tulips, with the offsets, sold for 90,000 forins, and that one, called the Viceroy, sold for 4,203 guilders. The tulip tree, Liriodendron tulipifers, was brought to England from America, about 1638.

ARTIER.—The father of the late Great Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, John Singleton Copley, was born at Boston, United States of America, in 1737. He was educated in America, but made his fame and fortune as a painter in England. He died in the same house that his great son, Lord Lyndhurst, died in—George-street, Hanover-Square.

great son, Lord Lyndhurst, died in—George-street, Handersguare.

N. Y. S.—For a polish for mahogany cameras, take three ounces of white wax, half an ounce of castile soap, and one gill of turpentine. Shave the wax and soap very fine, and put the wax to the turpentine; let it stand twenty-four hours; then boil the soap in one gill of water, and add to it the wax and turpentine.

C. A. E.—The new illuminating material, recently patented in Germany, consists of a mixture of two parts of the poorest rape-seed oil, and one part of good petroleum. It is burned in a lamp of peculiar construction, but somewhat similar to that of the ordinary moderator lamp, and gives a light not to be surpassed for purity and brilinacy.

liancy.

KATE.—The festival of the Holy Trinity was instituted by Pope Gregory IV. in 823, on his ascending the papal chair, and it is observed by the Latin and Protestant Churches on the Sunday following Pentecost or Whitzunstide. The observance of the festival was first enjoined in the Council of Arles, 1289; it was appointed to be held on the present day by Pope John XX., in 1334.

Load Marion.—To make British brandy, dilute pure alcohol to the proof pitch; add to every hundred pounds' weight of it from half-a-pound to a pound of sugar, dis-

solved in water, a little acetic ether and French wine vinegar, some bruised French plums, and flam-stuff from Cognac; then distil the spirit, with a gentle fire, in an alembic, furnished with an agitator. British brandies are now sold as pure grain spirits, flavoured and coloured with covering.

ow soid as pure grain spirits, instruction and constant with caramel.

George.—Popier macks, or the manufacture of paperpulp combined with gum and sometimes china clay, has existed for more than a century. A German sunf-box maker, named Barkin, is said to have nequired the art about 1740. In 1745 it was taken up by a printer at Birmingham, named Barkerville, and soon spread over that district. Papier macks is now largely employed in ornamenting the interior of buildings, de.

O. D. K.—A strong liquid glue for repairing broken vessels, comenting glass, &c., is made by taking three parts of glue in small pieces, and placing them in eight parts of water for some hours, when half a part of hydrochloric acid and three quarters of a part of sulphate of zinc are added, and the whole kept at a moderately high temperature for ten or twelve hours. The glue thus treated retains its liquid condition, and will not become gelatinous again.

treated retains its liquid condition, and will not become gelatinous again.

Partasia.—1. The attempt to remove moles is very dangerous, the result often being to create cancers. 2. To remove superfluous hair, the safest course is to employ a pair of tweezers, and exercise patience. All other remedies, such as depilatories, &c., are dangerous. After the hair is all plucked away, the irritated part should be washed in oil of roses. 3. A letter may be sent through the post without a stamp, but it is altogether at the option of the post-office officials whether it be sent on to the address or returned to the writer.

James Aherswood.—1. You had better not make the experiment, if you do, it will be at a risk. Every person selling stricles of food or drink, knowing them to be incurious to health, is liable to a penalty not exceeding 51, and costs. 2. Impectors of nuisances may enter any place used for the sale of meat, fish, fowl, &c., intended for the food of man, yet unfit to be eaten, and a justice of the peace may order the same to be destroyed, and the person to whom it belongs, may be convicted in a penalty not exceeding 10.

THERE IS A NOTE.

THERE IS A NOTE.

THERE IS a note within your voice
So exquisitely sweet,
That, wanting it, the nightingale
Leaves her song incomplete;
And once when woods were at their best,
In prime of summer-time,
Leavest was mindre naware. In prime of summer-time,
I caught you singing unaware
A fragment of old rhyme, my dear,
A fragment of old rhyme, my dear,
A fragment of old rhyme,
You gave a little golden laugh
Like waters in the sun—
A ripple and a fash, my dear,
And a dimple when 'twas done.
You chiefd me for bearing you,
And said you sang not well;
But how your song had touched my heart
I did not dare to tell, my dear,
I did not dare to tell.
N. K.
The best and lightest material for coveri

I did not dare to tell.

F. G.—The best and lightest material for covering a tent is a thin india-rubber costed fabric, sold by all dealers in india-rubber. It is very light, and quite impervious to both rain and light. Black twilled calico, costed with boiled linseed oil, will form a rain-tight cover. Cloth may be rendered waterproof in a variety of ways; for example, brushing it over on the wrong side with a solution of gelatine, followed when dry by an application of an infusion of nut galls. If one is not afraid of an unpleasant small (of short duration), make a varnish of india-rubber dissolved in bisulphide of carbon, and apply it to the cloth. cloth

Cloth.

SYDNEY.—Puseyism, is a term applied to the views of certain clergymen and lay members of the Church of England, who endeavoured to restore the practice of that church, to what they believed was required by the language of her Liturgy and Rubrion; but which were considered by their opponents to be contrary to her doctrine and discipline, and of a Romish tendency; the term was derived from the name of the Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, Dr. Pusey, who was supposed to be the originator and chief supporter of those views. In 1841, resolutions were passed in the Oxford University censuring his attempts to renew obsolete practices, and his celebrated sermon was condemned by the same body, in 1843.

One Weary of the World.—Take heart, and, notwith-

sermon was condemned by the same body, in 1843.

ONE WEARY OF THE WORLD.—Take heart, and, notwithstanding your repeated failures, try again. "Man,"
writes one, than whom none had probed deeper the
human mind, "amidst the fluctuation of his own feelings
and of passing events, ought to resemble a ship which the
current may carry, and winds impel from her course, but
which, amidst every deviation, still presses onward to her
port with unremitting perseverance. In the moments of
reflection, he ought to survey his affairs coolly, and being
fixed in his plan, take steps to accomplish it, regardless of
the temporary mutations of his mind, and the apathy of
exhausted attention."

LIEBIE, nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, fair, fond of ome, and thoroughly domesticated.

AGRES, eighteen, 5 ft. 6 in., good looking, and very fond of music and dancing. Respondent must be tall, dark, gentlemanly, and about twenty-four.

entiemanty, and about twenty-four.
Farrs, nineteen, 5ft. 2in., fair, brown hair, gray eyes, horoughly domesticated. Respondent must be tall, dark, and about twenty-three; a tradesman preferred.
JACOS FAITHFUL, 5ft. 8in., good looking, amiable, and n good circumstances. Respondent must be about

twenty.

Topsall Sheet Jace, twenty, 5 ft. 4in., dark brown hair, and blue eyes. Respondent must be likely to "suit the fancy" of a sailor.

Linda N., thirty-two, 5 ft. 3 in., good looking, has money, and is well to do. Respondent must be respectable, and prepared to marry now.

Annie, Mattir, and Selika. "Annie," twenty-three, tall, fair, gray eyes, fond of home, and has a small income. Respondent must be tall, dark, fond of daming and home, "Mattie," twenty-four, tall, light brown hair, blue eyes,

and fond of home. Respondent must be tall, dark, good tempered, and fond of music. "Selina," twenty, tall, fair, hasel eyes, pretty, fond of music and dancing. Respondent must be tall, tair, good looking, fond of home spondent

and music.
GEOGGE C., twenty-eight, 5 ft. 10 in., fair, passable looking, and has very good prospects. Respondent must be from eighteen to twenty-four, good looking, and sensible.
DIAMOSD, nineteen, brown hair and eyes, medium height, and a good housekeeper. Respondent must be a good mechanic.

Dick Tungin, eighteen, 5 ft. 3 in., dark brown hair, and ery gentlemanly. Esspondent must not be over seven-

PAREMOUSE, twenty, 5ft. 5in., fair, a jeweller. Respondent must be of medium height, affectionate, domesticated, and have a little money.

LIESTER, nineteen, dark, tall, good looking, and fond of gniety. Respondent must be tall, dark, and about twenty-four.

four.

G. W. Cross, eighteen, 5ft. 4 in., dark, affectionate, and with good prospects. Respondent must be dark, affectionate, and fond of home.

C. A. M., nineteen, 5ft. 4 in., fair, auburn hair, a loving disposition, and fond of home. Respondent must be dark, good tempered, and not under twenty-six. Would like to exchange caries de visite.

Rosalino, twenty-eight, medium height, affectionate, domesticated. Respondent must have 300t, a-year, be tall and dark, have full whiskers, beard and moustache, and be over thirty.

be over thirty.

Lizziz, thirty-eight, dark, curly hair, medium height, and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, dark haired, from thirty-eight to forty, good income requisite, and a situation under government preferred.

Edith and Gaacs.—"Edith," nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, tall, considered good looking, and a good temper. "Grace," eighteen, medium height, brunette, good tempered, and fond of home.

per. "Grace," eighteen, medium height, brunette, good tempered, and fond of home.

YIOLET, twenty-one, medium height, dark hair, blue eyes, and thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be about twenty-eight, tall, dark, fond of home, and have an income of 1804, a-year.

FRED NEVILLE, twenty, tall, fair, curly hair, in receipt of a salary of 1004 a-year, and when of age will have property of his own to the amount of 2004, a-year. Respondent must be about eighteen, tall, and stout.

MARIAN, tall, pleasing appearance, golden brown hair, would endeavour to make a good wife. Respondent must be tall, dark, domesticated, and able to support a wife comfortably; an Irishman preferred.

CONETACE, nineteen, tall, fair, flaxen hair and blue eyes, well educated, thoroughly domesticated, passionately fond of music and win ging, and will have 5004 on coming of age. Respondent must be tall, dark, gentlemanly, and have a good income.

ALICE GRAT and KATE HOWARD.—"Alice Gray," medium hairs about the contract of the same contract of the cont

manly, and have a good income.

ALICE GRAY and KATE HOWARD.—"Alice Gray," medium height, stout, fair, good looking, and fond of home. Respondent must be tall, stout, and good looking; a tradesman preferred. "Kate Howard," tall, fair, and good looking. Respondent must be tall, fair; good tempered, and fond of home. Handwriting very indifferent. Victoria Alice and Olive Rose.—"Victoria Alice," seventeen, tall, beautiful brown hair, musical, domesticated, can speak French, and has 2004. a-year. Respondent must be from twenty-five to thirty, tall, dark, and respectable; a tradesman preferred. "Olive Rose," seventeen, rather tall, dark, handsome, musical, domesticated, and has 2004. a-year. Respondent must be tall, fair, and good looking, from twenty-one to twenty-seven; a tradesman preferred.

Communications Recrived:

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED :

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EMILY is responded to by—"G. W. Cross," eighteen, 5ft. 4im., dark, affectionate, and with good prospects.

LOTIA by—"Hope," blue eyes, sandy hair, fresh complexion; moderately good position, with excellent prospects; and by—"J. E.," twenty-one, medium height, dark hair and eyes, and a mechanic with good prospects.

HONEST BOS by—"ROSe," medium height, light hair, blue eyes, fair, and fond of home; and by—"F. G.," tall, fair, curly hair, and fond of home.

UMPREVILLE by—"J. I.. N.," 5ft. 4im., dark brown hair, and an excellent pianoforte player.

JENNIE SHSEWBEUR by—"J. H.," twenty-two, 5ft. 6im., dark, fond of home, good tempered, and a tradesman.

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MAIL.

Lizzie by—"H. G.," twenty, 5 ft. 7 in., passable in appearance, good-tempered, and respectably connected; a blacksmith, and shortly to commence a business of his

BERTHA and ARNIE C. F. by "Spencer Beaumont."
Twenty-two, dark, good looking, respectably connected, and in receipt of a good income. Would like to exchange cartes de silventha," rosy complexion, brown hair, hazelyes, and good tempered; and by—"Sylvia," lively, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, very exquisite and wicked looking.

ing.
ISIE by—"F. D. Coster," 5ft. 2in., dark hair and
a tradesman, and has about 100t. a year.

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